

MAR 13 1942

THE GARDEN OF A GREAT GARDENER (Illustrated)

COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday

FEBRUARY 13, 1942

ONE SHILLING & THREEPENCE



THE TRODDEN SNOW: A WILTSHIRE LANE

F. R. Winstone

CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

1/- per line. Personal 1/6. (Min. 3 lines.)

PERSONAL

ANTIQUES.—Connoisseur with 40 years' administrative experience offers his services. Classifying or valuing single or collections of valuable antique articles. Charges moderate. Box 913.

DIAMOND JEWELLERY. Gold, Silver, etc. As such high jewellery are now being realised at our Auction Sales for these, it is advisable that you consult Messrs. JOHNSON, DYMOND & SONS, LTD. (Est. 1793), 24-25, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2, before parting with your valuables. Advice gratis.

DIAMONDS, JEWELS, GOLD, EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES, ANTIQUE AND MODERN SILVER, PLATE, ETC., urgently required for Export. Highest cash prices. The largest buyers in the Country are BENTLEY AND CO., 65, New Bond Street (facing Brook Street), W.1. Phone MAYfair 0651.

DOMESTIC and other animals are bought for cruel experiments. When selling animals please make sure that they are not being bought for this purpose. Information from Miss NORA L. WALKER, Wooddale, Wick Lane, Christchurch, Hants. Hon. Sec., Friends' Anti-Vivisection Association.

FINE ART GOODS. Pictures, Furniture, Effects, etc., packed, removed, stored or shipped by ELMORE, COOKE & Co., 15, New Burlington Place, W.1. Estd. 1871. Enquiries invited. REGENT 0874.

FOOT FATIGUE AND DISCOMFORT. Some years ago a disabled Army officer found an effective remedy, and many enquirers were permanently benefited. This private advice is again available. Appointments (at present) N. Mid. area. Enquiries Box 931.

FOR IMMEDIATE CLEARANCE. NO TAX.

THE FINEST QUALITY USED FURNITURE

Sets of Mahogany Chairs, Tables, Sideboards, Chests, Desks, Bedroom furniture, Upholstery.

A choice collection of specimen Antiques.

G. JETLEY, 24, Bruton Street.

MAYfair 3884 BERKELEY SQUARE, W.1

FOREIGN BOOKS BOUGHT. Heffer's Bookshop will be glad to buy any books in European languages, especially Standard Sets and Modern Authors. Please give date of publication and send details to W. HEFFER AND SONS, LTD., Booksellers, Cambridge.

GOLD, DIAMONDS, JEWELLERY, SILVER. Wanted in any condition—old or new. Harrods pay best prices. IMMEDIATE CASH or offer. Call or send Registered Post. —HARRIS, London, S.W.1. SLOANE 1254.

"JUDO"—A book of interest to all in the HOME GUARD and FORCES, by Feldenkrais (4s. 6d. net, Booksellers, by post 4s. 10d.). Skill can be attained in this art of defence and attack regardless of age, size, and strength, by men or women. —F. WARNE AND Co., LTD., Bedford Court, London, W.C.2.

KNICKERBOCKER - BREECHES. Please write for Patterns of their first-quality Materials whilst they are available. Old customers can be supplied with renewals without coming to London from records kept. —THOMAS & SONS, 5, Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square, W.1, is still upstanding.

LIFE AFTER DEATH is proved. EXCELLENT CIRCULATING LIBRARY at LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE. Send 3d. for specimen copy *Light*, 16, Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7.

LEICA. Do your country two good turns. SELL US YOUR LEICA OR OTHER MINIATURE CAMERAS For important work and lend the money to the Government. We give highest prices.—WALLACE HEATON, LTD., 127, New Bond Street, W.1, and Branches, and all "City Sale" branches.

MINIATURES beautifully painted on Ivory from any photograph. Highest references. Specimens submitted.—ARTIST, Northway Court, Ashchurch, Glos.

MISS OLLIVIER, trained Colonial Irrigation, Neuritis, Colds, Neuralgia. Flat 16, 60, Duke St. Mansions, W.1. MAY 1085.

MONOMARK. Confidential London address. Letters redirected immediately. 5s. p.a. Royal patronage. Capital £250,000. Write BM/MON017, W.C.1.

PARFUM "TEX" DE PARIS. The General Trading Company (Mayfair) Ltd., 5, Grantham Place, Park Lane, W.1, Grosvenor 3273, can offer a limited quantity of this famous scent at 12.6 per small bottle.

REMOVALS. Packing and Shipping. Large lift van cases specially constructed.—JOSEPH C. MONT & Co., Stevenage Road, S.W.6. Fulham 2311 (6 lines).

RENOVATING. Have your SUITS, COSTUMES, OVERCOATS turned like new—65/- Post or call.—RENEW-WEAR, LTD., 15, Broadway, Victoria Street, S.W.1. Abb 7348.

SADDLERY, brand new set, originally made specially for a Turkish Cavalry officer by well-known London maker, LEATHER LINED SHORT PAXEL with 1 1/2-in. super leathers, 4 1/2-in. KANGAROO IRONS and 3 1/2-in. fished leather girth, super snaffle bridle with noseband and flat ring KANGAROO SNAFFLE BIT, with red and white front, £19 or near offer. LE PERSONNE & Co., LTD., 7, Old Bailey, London.

PERSONAL

SOLICITORS, EXECUTORS and others are advised that FURNITURE AND EFFECTS are realising TOP PRICES in the AUCTION ROOMS to-day. Large consignments purchased for cash if desired. —Consult W. E. COE & SONS, Incorporated Auctioneers, Auction Rooms, 79/85, Old Brompton Road, South Kensington, S.W.7. Ken. 2422 4.

TALKIE PROJECTORS, Bell Howell, Amprosound, Geheoscope, etc., and 16 mm. Sound Films, WANTED URGENTLY also Leica and Contax Cameras and Accessories. Highest cash prices paid for these and for all modern photographic and Cine equipment. Modern microscopes and accessories also required.—DOLLOXDS, 28, Old Bond Street, London, W.1; and at 428, Strand, W.C.2; 35, Brompton Road, S.W.3; 281, Oxford Street, W.1.

TRAINING. One or two educated girls accepted for training in Dairy Work and Stock Management on private estate. EXCELLENT POSTS GUARANTEED after training. Box 939.

TITLED LADIES' GOWNS, Coats, Costumes, etc., created by Molyneux, Hartnell, Chanel, Worth, Paquin, Schiaparelli, etc., new or worn once only, 2-12 gns. REGENT DRESS CO., (1st Floor), 17, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. (Next Cafe Monico).

AVOID furs tortured to death in traps. Write for Fur Crusade leaflet from Major Van der Byl, Wapenham, Twickenham.

BE TALLER. Quickly! Safely! Privately! Details, 6d. stamp.—MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, BM/HYTE, London, W.C.1.

WANTED

ADDERS, CALCULATORS, TYPEWRITERS and SAFES, etc., wanted FOR CASH. Highest prices.—TAYLOR'S, 74, Chancery Lane, London, Holborn 3793.

BUCKWHEAT (English) wanted. State price and quantity. Send sample. Box 907.

CLOTHING. Highest prices returned for discarded Lounge Suits, Overcoats, Furs, Wearing Apparel of all kinds. Private owners may send with safety to Dept. C.L., JOHNSON, DYMOND & SONS, LTD. (Est. 1793), 24-25, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2.

CLOTHING.—MISSES MANN AND SHACKLETON pay high prices for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's discarded or misfit clothing: Furs, Linen, Silver, Old Gold, Jewellery, etc. Offer or cash by return for consignment sent. Established 1860.—FERN HOUSE, Norbiton, Surrey.

FIREARMS (old), rapiers, cannon, coach horns, models, native curios, sets chessmen, flower paper-weights, old gold and silver and antique jewellery bought.—PEARL CROSS, 35, St. Martin's Court, London, W.C.2.

FURNITURE wanted, large or small quantities, unlimited cash.—STONE, 41 Harcourt Road, London, N.22. Phone North 3920.

FUR SKINS. Wanted to purchase, old-fashioned Victorian fur garments; lace parasols; mink's, leopard's fur; carriage rugs. Please write giving particulars. Box 912.

GOLF BALLS (unperished) wanted; 3/- per dozen, plus carriage. Cash sent by return.—G. R. BYHAM & Co., Dept. C.L., Rickmansworth, Herts.

GUN wanted, 12 or 16 bore, hammerless or ejector, by good maker. Write Box 924.

MAGIC, ASTROLOGY, YOGA. Books on all branches Occultism wanted to purchase Send for Catalogue, THE ATLANTIS BOOKSHOP, 49a, Museum St., London, W.C.1. HOL 2120.

TYPEWRITERS, DESK SAFES, FILING CABINETS and all office equipment wanted FOR CASH.—MR. DEA, 9, Kingsgate Avenue, Finchley, N.3. Phone Fin. 5283.

TYPEWRITERS. Highest price paid for Remington, Underwood, Royal or other first-class makes. Will collect and pay cash for any quantity.—LONGS TYPEWRITER CO., (Established 35 years), 72, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. Phone: City 1621, 1459.

WINES AND SPIRITS required by country gentleman to replenish personal cellar.—Submit details and prices to Box 926.

MOTOR CARS

CAR (Modern, preferably Rover) and CARAVAN required to purchase urgently; send full particulars and where able to view.—Miss MARSHALL, 429, Aylestone Road, Leicester. Phone: 32342.

BROOKLANDS OF BOND STREET.—Where to buy and where to sell cars of good makes and low mileage.—103, New Bond Street, W.1. Mayfair 8351.

JACK BARCLAY, LTD. wish to purchase ROLLS ROYCE and BENTLEY CARS. Also other good makes of low mileage.—12 & 13, St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Mayfair 7444.

£750 offered Phantom III. Coachwork unimportant. Also 18/24 Austin urgently needed. Chief Engineer, Ambulance Section, Windlesham.

FOR SALE

BLANKETS, CELLULAR: Cream, blue-green, Rose, Peach, 80 by 100 in., 42s; 72 by 90 in., 36s; 63 by 84 in., 30s, each; post free.—DENHOLM TWEEDS & BLANKETS, Hawick, Roxburghshire.

COAL, COKE and ANTHRACITE. Buckle Fuels still available in truckloads to any station, where registered. Users should write for present delivered prices. Best Big Vein Anthracite 44/6 pit. Big Red Vein Anthracite 38/6 pit.—BUCKLE COLLIERY COMPANY, 84 Hales, Cheltenham.

LADIES' TWEEDS soft, lasting, 14/- yd., 56in. wide. Write for patterns.—DENHOLM TWEEDS & BLANKETS, Hawick, Rox.

MOTOR MOWERS FOR SALE. Enfield 12-in. £35, Ransome 14-in. £45. In new condition. Others from £25 can be seen at our stores in N.W. London. FLETCHER, 170, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

PEAT is the GREAT ECONOMISER OF FUEL—no smoke, no sparks. It improves with keeping, the fragrance of burning PEAT is renowned. Truck-loads sent any part country. Send for price list.

F. RICHARDSON,
215, London Road, Ewell, Surrey.

SHIRTS, Pyjamas to measure. Our "Dubwear" (reversible) Shirt wears longer. Send for patterns, measurement chart. SEYMOUR (Dept. C), 48, Horton Rd., Bradford.

STAMPS! EARLY BRITISH COLONIALS.—Selections superb copies sent on approval to serious collectors. Terms one-third of catalogue price. Also some Mint and superb used moderns.—"K," 6, Westhill Road, London, S.W.18.

TWEEDS. Have your favourite suit copied in a Redmayne Countryside Tweed. Men's suits from 45 12s. 6d. (26 coupons). Ladies' suits from £4 15s. (18 coupons). Satisfaction or money refunded. Patterns post free. REDMAYNES, 8, Wigton, Cumberland.

SITUATIONS WANTED

BUSY EMPLOYERS efficiently suited with competent SECRETARIES, SHORTHAND TYPISTS, BOOK-KEEPERS and/or Office Staff. Tel. PAD 3262, FINE'S AGENCY, 95A Prad Street, London, W.2.

ESTATE CARPENTER, good tradesman, capable, reliable, wants post. Married, not eligible military service. Good references. Box 911.

SITUATIONS VACANT

ADVERTISER with 1,200-ACRE FARM (mainly fruit) in safety area offers EMPLOYMENT in HORTICULTURE to GIRLS of good education; no previous experience required; references exchanged; starting salary £100 p.a.; also a few vacancies for summer only. Applicants should state age and give particulars of school attainments.—Apply J. BROOKE, Clopton Hall, Wickham-brook, near Newmarket, Suffolk.

TWO superior domesticated Women, he's Ladies' College, London. Work national importance. Separate rooms, comfortable home; good salary and times off. Suitable wives men in services.—Box 929.

GARDENING

BOWLING GREENS. We can still supply SEA WASHED TURF FOR REPAIRS SEA SAND AND FERTILISERS for top-dressing. Send your enquiries to MAXWELL M. HART, LTD., 39, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1. Phone: ABBEY 1774-5.

BUNYARDS OF MAIDSTONE Seedsmen since 1796.

Bunyard's "Safety First" Seed Collections are world famous. If you want first quality pre-selected Vegetable Seeds, send to-day for a free copy of BUNYARD'S SEED BULLETIN.

Many of Bunyard's Vegetable Seed introductions are adopted as Standard varieties by leading members of the Seed Trade. In addition to these Standard varieties, we also specialize in Vegetables renowned for exceptional flavour, and details of these are contained in our booklet "VEGETABLES FOR EPICUREANS", a copy of which will be sent post free on request.

GEO. BUNYARD & CO., LTD.
9, THE TRIANGLE, MAIDSTONE.

DEMONSTRATIONS of Outdoor Seed Bed and Seed Sowing available for members of the R.H.S., will be held at Wisley on March 4, 5, between 2-4 p.m.

GARLIC

BUY NOW—VERY SCARCE PLANT now and lift crop in June; bulbs should be broken into separate "cloves" or divisions for planting, each piece being planted separately 2 in. deep and 6 in. apart. This is the LAST SHIPMENT and orders will be executed in rotation whilst stock lasts. Order at once 8/6 per lb., post paid. G. TELKAMP & SONS, LTD., 138, Finchchurch Street, London, E.C.3. Telephone: Mansion House 8911.

GARDENING

MR. CUTHBERT'S GARDEN TALK
SEED SUPPLIES

VEGETABLE seeds are a vital war-time commodity. They are concentrated food in embryo. Just think for a moment of a tiny Cabbage seed, the size of a pin's knob, which will produce several lbs. weight of fresh vegetable. In fact, most vegetable seeds reproduce their own weight by thousands of times. This potentiality of multiplied production makes these seeds so important. Therefore treat them with the respect that is due to them. Take care of them and do not waste them. Remember you cannot produce seeds or replace wastage of them by pressing button and starting up a complicated machine. Most vegetable seeds take two years to grow and science has not yet found any way to improve upon the methods of Nature in this direction.

Thousands of acres are devoted solely to the growing of CUTHBERT'S FINE VEGETABLE SEEDS and it is because of the care which is taken and insisted upon throughout the whole of the processes from planting to harvesting that our high and dependable quality is achieved.

There are no better seeds than CUTHBERT'S FAMOUS VEGETABLE SEEDS at any price. Good supplies of all the popular varieties, as well as new and unusual sorts are on sale in all WOOLWORTH'S STORES in convenient and economical 2, 3, 3d. and 6d. packets. Get your seed now and have it in readiness.

Here are some outstanding offers for your Garden:

GROW MORE FRUIT

Why be without fresh fruit when you can grow your own? Here is a Collection consisting of 4 COX'S ORANGE Bush Apple Trees, fine 3-year stock covered with flower spurs for early fruiting, together with 1 Bush Apple Tree, JAMES GRIEVE, for pollinating, 5 Bush Trees for 22s. carriage paid, 25 trees £5, carriage paid. This is an exceptional bargain.

"CULTIVATE THE CORDON"

SAYS MR. MIDDLETON

Because of their compact form, CORDON FRUIT TREES are very suitable for small gardens and make excellent screens; admirable also for training on walls, etc.

I have a limited quantity of these trees in the most popular variety, COX'S ORANGE PIPPIN, grown on No. 9 STOCK which promotes early fruiting. These CORDONS are now 3 1/2-4 ft. (many taller) and covered with flower spurs.

As a Special Offer I will send 4 Cordon Trees, COX'S ORANGE PIPPIN, together with 1 Cordon JAMES GRIEVE for pollinating, 5 Cordon Trees in all for 25s., carriage paid, 5 Collections (25 Cords) for £5 5s. Special quotations for larger quantities. When ordering please mention "Cordon Collection."

PLUMS FOR DESSERT

4-year half Standard Trees, PURPLE PERISHORE, prolific cropper, VICTORIA, the ever popular, BURBANK'S GIANT, similar to Victoria but later maturing, 5/6 each, 3 for 15/6, carriage 1/-, over 20/- carriage paid.

SOFT FRUITS YIELD BIG CROPS

Everyone knows the vitamin value of soft fruits and to enable you to grow your own supply of these health-giving fruits, I am offering a Collection consisting of 12 RASPBERRY CANES, 3 BLACK CURRANTS, 3 RED CURRANTS, which I will send for 10/- carriage paid.

MORE OFFERS OF SOFT FRUITS

RASPBERRIES. LLOYD GEORGE and NORFOLK GIANT, 4/- per doz. 30/- per 100, carriage paid.

RED CURRANTS, in the most popular sort, LAXTON'S No. 1, 1/6 each, 15/- doz., 95/- 100.

FREE Send for your copy of CUTHBERT'S GARDENING TIMES, 1942 Edition. A helpful book and current catalogue for solving your Gardening problems.

Send particulars of all your Fruit Tree requirements to:

MR. CUTHBERT, R. & G. CUTHBERT,
47 Goff's Oak, Herts.
The Nation's Nurseryman since 1797.

EN-TOUT-CAS. THE LARGEST MAKERS OF HARD TENNIS COURTS IN GREAT BRITAIN. EXPERTS AND MATERIAL READY the moment the V day arrives. THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO., LTD., SYSTON, LEICESTER.

GARDENS DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED. Sherwood Cup, Chichester Show, 1927.—GEORGE G. WHITELEG, 10 Nurseries, Chislehurst, Kent.

VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SEEDS of quality.—W. J. USWIN, LTD., Sevenoaks, Kent.

CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS
CONTINUED ON
INSIDE BACK COVER.

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCI. No. 2352

FEBRUARY 13, 1942



Dorothy Wilding

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL

A new portrait of Mrs. Churchill who is President of the Y.W.C.A. War-time Fund and will shortly broadcast an appeal for £200,000 for the Y.W.C.A. War Service.

COUNTRY LIFE

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

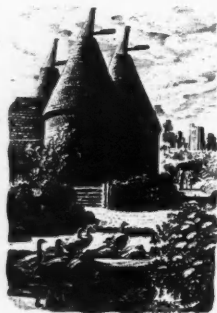
2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN,
W.C.2.

Telegrams: Country Life, London.
Telephone: Temple Bar 7351.

ADVERTISEMENTS AND PUBLISHING OFFICES:

TOWER HOUSE,
SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 4363.



The Editor reminds correspondents that communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. MSS. will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

Postal rates on this issue: Inland 2d., Canada 1½d., Elsewhere abroad 2d.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in COUNTRY LIFE should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

"PRE-WAR PRACTICE"

MR. BEVIN'S Bill to restore, after the war, the trade practices temporarily abandoned for war-time purposes has little direct bearing on present conditions in the industry of agriculture. Fortunately there are few changes, either made or proposed, which are likely to affect the agricultural worker adversely, apart from the restriction of his freedom to undertake better-paid work elsewhere. Meanwhile his own average wage has risen and is unlikely to share in any general post-war reversion to more normal rates of pay. Naturally, he will expect to recover any privileges of effective corporate action, in disputes with employers or in improving the conditions of his industry, which he has lost. But on the whole, the most important thing to him to-day is the fact that, with the war-time increase of production, farming has become, or is becoming, a going concern in which good wages can be paid, in which there is real chance of advancement and in which he shares the new-found prosperity of his employers and of the industry as a whole. He is aware, as most of us are, that when peace-time comes there will have to be a wide reorganisation of farms and farming areas based on the needs and possibilities of a more largely mechanised and co-operative agriculture whose produce is no longer crowded out of the markets at its doors. He looks to a restoration of the normal machinery for industrial relations to secure him in the future that fair wage which—as he well knows—the farmer could not afford to pay him in the past. He deserves all he is able to get. Mr. Bevin rightly laid stress on the war-time effort of the industrial workers in the defence of this country and the paramount necessity for carrying out the Government's pledge that they should not find their bargaining power impaired or the value of their labour permanently cheapened as a result of their temporary sacrifice of independence and strenuous devotion to duty. The agricultural worker, too, is giving his utmost, and must enjoy the same rights.

COMMANDEERING OF FARM LAND

THE vexed question of the commandeering of good farm land has been raised again by Sir Roderick Jones, who gives instances of recent action by the War Department which has led to the breaking up of herds, the surrender of land reserved for root crops and the handing over of large areas of cornland. "Neighbouring farms for thirty or forty miles on either side," Sir Roderick adds, "are being similarly treated." Complaints of this kind are no novelty—for,

even in peace-time, there is always a temptation, so far as the Service departments are concerned, to rush a claim in the hope of getting away with it before competing claims can be considered. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will remember many such cases where publicity came too late. But even before the war a standing joint committee representing the competing departments was appointed and (in theory at any rate) all major projects for the appropriation of land came before it. This rule is now strictly enforced. There naturally must be a certain amount of give and take in these matters. Where large areas are needed for Service purposes, land under cultivation can often be seen put "out of bounds." During the past two years there have been no serious suggestions that the Ministry of Agriculture was being habitually ignored or over-ridden. Actually only the larger applications for land come to Whitehall, those for areas less than 500 acres being settled by special County Commissioners. But protests like that of Sir Roderick Jones are valuable. Nobody can deny his main contention that soldiers cannot fight without munitions, and that our workers cannot produce munitions without proper food. He is undoubtedly justified, therefore, in asking whether the War Cabinet has duly weighed the advantages and disadvantages of present commandeering policy and whether the Ministry of Agriculture is a consenting party.

THE PLOUGHMAN

*TO plough a few lone furrows, till and reap,
Fumble at life and then count up the gain—
Lord! some hid part of me, awake in sleep,
Sheaved better grain.*

*Between Time's ebb and flow on starry shore
Or on the rock-strewn deserts of the moon
I gleaned—I scarce know what—but more, but
more*

Than I have toiled for in the sweat of noon.

A. E. LLOYD MAUNSELL.

VILLAGE SUMMARIES

MAJOR A. G. WADE'S suggestion in *The Times* recently that a summary of every village church's history should be pinned in the church porch, more especially for the benefit of the Dominion troops now in the country, is an excellent one, if studiously modest in its aim. A paper shortage is not the time to encourage the production of bulky volumes of village history, yet if summaries of this kind and purpose are made, it would usually be worth including with it a brief account of the village's history, which is often of more interest than a restored or re-built church's. There is scarcely a village that is not a microcosm of England's history, if its story can but be traced. We have often advocated research of this kind, and in recent years many excellent village histories have been published. The latest is a stout volume on the Wiltshire village of Cherhill, by Mr. J. H. Blackford, a well-known builder of neighbouring Calne. Lying on the Bath Road below Oldbury Camp, Cherhill has a long if not very articulate history. Its oldest intact building is a noble tithe barn, and on the Downs it has the best bred of all the White Horses, though also the youngest, since it was made in 1816 by Dr. Christopher Allsopp, who is said to have stood in the valley below and directed its "points" through a megaphone. But the most interesting part of a chronicle of this kind, as is often the case, lies in its record of fairly recent characters and events: the Cherhill gang of footpads, who sometimes worked naked; Aaron Angel and Levi Brittain, who peddled sand carried on donkeys till 1896; or the experiences of the vicar in taming the choir and orchestra, to which he "listened petrified" during his first service in 1863.

AGENDA

IF the war is barred, topics for general discussion nowadays really boil down to three: food, the conversational resources of which are not inexhaustible; "before the war," which soon induces intolerable nostalgia; and the future, to which alone the limitations are remote. So there should be a warm welcome for *Agenda*,

a new Quarterly Journal of Reconstruction published for the London School of Economics and Political Science by Sir Humphrey Milford, annual subscription one guinea. The editor is Prof. G. N. Clark, with an advisory committee of the officers of the school who include Sir Dougal Malcolm and Dr. A. M. Carr-Saunders. The first number comprises eight articles by such authorities as Dr. Dudley Stamp on Land

PAPER IS PRECIOUS SAVE ALL YOU CAN

Utilisation, the Finance of Education by Lady (E. D.) Simon, the "failure" of the League of Nations by Prof. C. A. W. Manning, and Miss Margery Perham on the future of Ethiopia. Prof. D. H. MacGregor discusses the actual war influences on the economics of Reconstruction, making the sound point that, better than a Ministry of Reconstruction with a party machine at its head, would be a Reconstruction Council capable of examining, co-ordinating, and reporting to Parliament on the innumerable plans that are already being worked out. As *Agenda* gets into its stride, it should provide a valuable forum for discussion from all sides.

REPLACEMENT OF RAILINGS

ONE aspect of the requisitioning of iron railings as scrap metal for munitions of war which does not seem to have been very generally or carefully considered is that of compensation and replacement. The Ministry of Supply contends that the machinery in existence under the Compensation (Defence) Act is ample to meet the need. This seems more than doubtful; and the National Federation of Property Owners have said so in a Memorandum to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Their contention is that there are two distinct problems involved, both of which could be better dealt with under the War Damage Act than under the Compensation Act. The first is that of erecting war-time substitutes for railings where this is necessary; the second is that of after-war replacement where such a course is held to be necessary or desirable. In many cases immediate making good is needed if further damage to property is to be avoided, and private owners have found that labour and materials for this essential work are not available. The application of the War Damage Act would enable local authorities to undertake it as "first-aid repairs." The main decisions as to permanent replacement obviously belong to the planning activities of local authorities, owners' associations and the Ministry of Health. To solve the question "Who shall pay?" the War Damage procedure for the recovery of the cost of permanent repairs provides the ready-made solution of a completely analogous problem.

WEATHER

WITH 1942 so far emulating its deplorable immediate predecessors, a melancholy interest attaches to the various figures, now released, for weather in 1941. Few can have regarded it as a pleasant year climatically, though one remembers some nice days in June and September when, a sure indication that some summer is at hand, farmers were complaining of drought. Indeed, it appears that in parts of Herefordshire no measurable rain fell at all between June 10 and July 10. But one chiefly remembers the length of last winter, which the statistics confirm by stating that the six months December 1940-May 1941 were colder than any similar period since that of 1916-1917, with a mean temperature consistently below normal in England, while Scotland had not had so cold a first quarter since 1855. The cause of it all was an unusual prevalence of north and north-easterly winds. So it would seem that even if the Allied occupation of Iceland has checked that island's export of depressions which was a standing grievance before the war, the result has only been for us to get cold weather instead of wet, for 1941 actually had a rainfall below normal, in Scotland no less than 12 per cent. below.



E. W. Tattersall

THE POND: AT FALMER ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

MR. HYDE-PARKER'S interesting letter on "Here Animals Beat Man" in the issue of January 16, raises a number of points concerning not only the keen sense of smell that dogs and other animals possess and their remarkable powers of vision, but also their ability to know certain things when apparently none of the five senses can help them. One of the particular cases he quoted was that, when his spaniel was travelling by bus, often in the dark, and always lying on the floor, he knew invariably the exact moment when the conveyance was arriving at the door of his house. It is just possible, of course, that there were a variety of distinguishing scents along the road, which came in through the omnibus door and enabled him to follow the course of the journey, but it requires something of an effort to believe this. Still, as the correspondent says, the average dog by means of his nose reads the countryside like a book; perhaps newspaper would be a better simile as he obtains through the various scents the latest news of the day—probably far more reliable news than much of that we human beings have to read.

A SENSE of discriminating hearing, which practically every intelligent dog possesses, is that which enables him to recognise the engine stroke of his own car at a distance of 400 yards or more. Every dog I have owned has been able to do this, and, in the case of the first, it was rather remarkable in one way as she did not belong to the mechanical age, and for the first ten years of her life had tuned her ears to the dog-cart's rattle and a pony's hoof-beats. On the other hand, it was not so remarkable, as when I scrapped the cart and bought my first car. It happened to be a G.W.K., and those who recall that funny little two-cylinder model of thirty years ago will remember that its engine stroke was in a class by itself and could be heard at least a mile away.

My present car is a 14-h.p. model of a very popular make, and there are six or seven similar cars which run about in this particular area.

Nevertheless the Scottie of to-day recognises its engine beat so infallibly that often I fear I must have a tappet loose or a big-end bearing worn, or that some major tragedy is about to occur, and am only satisfied when the local garage has given the car a complete overhaul. If a dog can recognise instantly the stroke of an individual engine at a quarter of a mile it proves that he has a far keener and more reliable ear for mechanical noises than has the finest motor-car engineer in the world, who spends his whole life listening to the turn-over of crankshafts and the thrust of pistons. It almost suggests that every garage should employ a dog to detect incipient trouble before it reaches a serious stage, but perhaps this is not quite in accordance with the ideas of the average garage owner.

AS Mr. Hyde-Parker says, the question of pitch comes into it, or, as the aurists put it, frequency, and sounds that are audible to some cannot be heard at all by others with quite normal hearing. In this respect it is remarkable that, though I am unpleasantly deaf, I can hear with the greatest ease a goldfinch or a robin singing at the top of a tree 50 yards away, but, on the other hand, have not been able to hear the blackbird or cuckoo for five years or more. Also I can pick up the tiny sizzling note the Long-tailed tit makes when he passes through a wood in a pack, but so far as I am concerned the raucous-voiced rooks assemble in the elm trees in these days without a remark of any kind. There are many wayside noises of to-day that one is content not to hear, but there are three sounds that I connect always with old-time peaceful England, and these I would give much to hear again: church bells practising peals on a summer's evening when the chimes come in across water, the clamour of rooks in a

distant plantation, and the intermittent high and low drone of a threshing machine at work among the farmyard ricks.

FOR length of vision, Mr. Hyde-Parker gives the palm to the vulture, and it is a fact that on the veld in South Africa, when a horse or bullock dies or is about to die, tiny specks begin to materialise immediately far up in the zenith of the sky, and come down in slow sweeping spirals to the meal. These vultures—the *aasvogel* in Afrikaans—when they first detect the dying animal are so far up above the surface of the earth as to be absolutely invisible to the naked eye—and it is extremely doubtful if one could pick them up with glasses—and apparently they spend the hours of daylight up in the stratosphere with a wide view over a big stretch of country.

On the other hand, there is also definite proof that the vulture has some sixth sense of which we are ignorant, which enables him to know of the existence of carrion when by reason of distance he cannot possibly have sighted or scented the body. Ornithologists have commented on this mysterious sense, this mental telepathy or whatever it is; though having seen the vulture's table-manners one would imagine the last thing he would wish to do would be to transmit news of his meal to would-be diners willing to come and share it with him.

ONE day in the desert I came across a forlorn little party of Bedouin shifting the pack from one of their camels which had just dropped in its tracks. The animal had been dead only five minutes, but already some Brown-backed ravens had put in an appearance and there was a jackal lurking in the scrub 100 yards away. The Arabs asked me to tell the remainder of the tribe, who were a day's journey ahead, of their loss so that another camel could be sent back for the load, and I went on in the car, giving the message to the main body of the Bedouin when I passed them on the way.

I stopped for wayside lunch about 35 miles

west of the spot where the camel had died, and during the meal big Griffon vultures—as big as swans and as ugly as sin—began to come over, all flying very low and very fast towards the east, and obviously with some set purpose in view. The Griffon vulture is by no means a regular resident in this part of the desert, though he turns up always when there is prospect of a meal, and it was quite certain that the birds—and I saw some 30 or 40 of them—were bound for the dead camel I had passed on the road, for dead camels are not a particularly frequent occurrence. One cannot possibly credit that the vulture or any other bird can see a distance of 35 miles—the natural haze of the desert would make this an impossibility—nor that the scent of a recently-defunct animal could be carried such a distance; and the only explanation is a sixth sense, some form of mental telepathy. One can almost imagine the Brown-backed ravens saying to one another: "For the love of Mike, don't go radiating thought waves about this camel, or we'll have the Griffons down on us!"

IT is not known generally—in fact, one feels one ought not to mention it—but a regular diner at these desert feasts on carrion is our aristocratic Golden eagle. For generations he

has traded in this country on the old tradition of being a royal bird soaring about in regal spirals over the moors, and coming to earth occasionally to take a pedigree lamb or a patrician grouse; but it is a lamentable fact that he is quite at home scrambling about among vulgar ravens and vultures on the carcass of an "awfully-dead" camel, which "proclaims itself 'gainst the wind a mile."

"Awfully-dead," by the way, is a polite way of expressing "stinking." A very small boy of my acquaintance put his hand into a hole in an apple tree in which he knew there was a Great tit's nest, and found to his sorrow that the hen bird was dead on the nest.

"She's dead," he said sadly, pulling the body out. "Yes—she's awfully dead."

THE photograph of the statue of Neptune, which appeared in a recent issue and was cast in 1723 at Bristol, is an exact but large-sized replica of a bronze statuette I picked up on the Mediterranean shore that dated back to the days when Neptune, alias Poseidon, was a real god—in other words, one of the original conceptions of the deity. He was not a particularly popular god, receiving attention only at the time of a naval victory, but one presumes he had a certain following among sailors.

My statuette shows Neptune in precisely the same stance, with his left foot resting on a rock, his right arm uplifted with a trident in the hand (though the trident was missing in my model), and the left hand holding a tunny fish. This part of the statuette was in a better state of preservation than the remainder as it was quite easy to recognise that the fish was a tunny, and one could even see the faint horizontal line that runs from gills to tail, which is peculiar to the mackerel tribe. Incidentally, my Neptune was in a state of nature, whereas the Bristol conception has a bathing towel, or something of the sort, draped round his middle as a concession to Hanoverian propriety.

SHORTLY after I found my statuette I showed it with great pride to Sir Flinders Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, with an idea of finding out something about it, and hoping that it would interest him. Sir Flinders Petrie specialises in the very early dynasties of Egyptian history, and anything Ptolemaic or Roman is to him almost painfully modern and prosaic. He turned the precious statuette over and looked at it with a cold eye as if it were a "Present from Brighton" china vase.

"Poseidon about 300 B.C.," he said shortly, and immediately changed the subject.

WILD-FOWLING IN WAR-TIME

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

[Stringent war-time restrictions are imposed by the Admiralty and local military authorities on punt-gunners and coastal wild-fowlers. Permits to shoot are granted only to responsible persons, and shooting is allowed only between dawn and dusk. The courage and endurance of some of the men who supply the London market to-day with their stocks of wild geese and duck are here described by Mr. Wentworth Day, who has had long experience of wild-fowling.—EDITOR.]

WE dropped down the river, brimming a mile wide, molten as silver between austere, white fields. A hard blue sky was void of clouds. The sea glittered ten miles ahead. On the broad bosom of this ancient river of the Dane no yacht moved, no rowing boat scuttered beetle-like beneath the thresh of oars, no smack sailed, its canvas lit with umber and gold of sunset into the eye of the west. The old estuary which I have loved for a quarter-century of gay summer days, starred by butterfly sails, and bitter dawns and heavy eves of snowy winter, was empty of smoke or sail.

We sailed under an Admiralty permit towards that enchanted isle where, in summer, shell-duck and redshank nest and in winter the black-geese sit on the sand-bar, croaking in their thousands. We sailed in the smack *Joseph and Mary*, blessed be her holy memories, carrying two single punts of the open Essex sort,

clinker-built, with two muzzle-loading guns, the first, Roaring Tom, which weighs a hundred and ten pounds, and fires a pound and a quarter of shot, and the second, the Tiddley Bit or "The little owd half-pounder."

Both are muzzle-loaders. Roaring Tom was born of those honourable mothers, Moore and Grey, and christened somewhere away back in the 'eighties by a cavalry officer who used her on the Nile. The Tiddley Bit is one of those obscure, nameless, hard-working, scullions among punt guns whom you may find, grey-painted and oiled, standing in fishermen's wash-houses, lurking in fowl sheds, slung up on loops in sail-makers' lofts or bundled amid nets and oilskins in dank, salty fo'castles. They are neglected in summer, wooed with oil and wire brush in winter, and they earn for their masters hard-gained strings of wild-fowl on the crawling tides of winter dawns and moonlit nights beneath the bitter stars. I have seen them end, ingloriously, as cottage garden fence posts, rammed muzzle downwards into the humdrum earth of a cabbage allotment. No fit burial for these heroes among guns.

There were five of us aboard, Alf, Cliff and Bill Claydon, with Cousin Joe, that bull-necked, beef-faced, fair-haired giant in long water-boots and blue guernsey who will pull a dinghy against any tide, take off sail in a full tempest, slug through knee-deep mud in the half-light, pick winkles when his fingers freeze, trawl all day and gut fish at the weary end of it. But the slow smile and the quizzical twist at the corners of Cousin Joe's eyes have never altered. He is of the elect.

Alf and Cliff, lean, thin and brown, slow of speech and quick as eels, with eyes like hawks, the ears of bats and the skins of otters, come of that old race of Maldon punt-gunners to whom the ancient arts of fowling have been an open book since the flint-lock was invented. Their ancestors sailed their little ships and fought in



(Above) SOME OF THE ACCESSORIES USED BY A WILD-FOWLER

(Left) SPORTSMEN PREPARING AT THE 'COY HOUSE ON TOLLESBURY MARSHES FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING



"DAWN CAME WITH RIMY FINGERS. THE WORLD WAS A PLACE OF GHOSTLY MISTS AND CLAWING FROSTS"

pirate wars. Fish, fowl and the sea are the litany of their lives. The skies are their book, and the slow tides their ancestral blood. The wind in the rigging makes their hymns. They have never been off the River or out of the North Sea in their lives, but I would back them to sail a small ship round the world and bring her home.

Brother Bill, bluff, broad, jolly and twinkling, has sailed in great gentlemen's yachts, ventured in foreign seas, cast up in the harbours of the rich and dropped anchor beneath the magnificent stars of hot countries. He is a travelled man, but, in the punt, when the moon glitters down the fairway, the paddles freeze as you dip them silently, and the geese cronk ahead, Alf and Cliff take command.

Few enough of us have leave to shoot on these bitter winter waters of the East Coast to-day. Naval patrol boats churn the fairway and slide sudden, ghostlike, round the mud mountains of winding creeks. The military ashore are apt to shoot on sight at almost anything, which no doubt is why Clause 4 of my Admiralty shooting permit says: "Responsibility for any injuries to be his alone." It also says: "No punt to be used or gun fired between dusk and dawn."

You may ask why I have invited you to imagine the nine-ton smack *Joseph and Mary* slipping down the tide on a winter eve. The answer is that we may choose our fowling quarters overnight, lie at anchor off them during the night and set out by punt at the crack of dawn. This prohibition of night shooting has confounded those who for years past have said that the scarcity of fowl on this part of the coast was due to lack of food. Never in a quarter-century have I seen so many geese, duck and widgeon. Never before have I seen, as I saw at 3 a.m. on Christmas morning, between four and five thousand geese and widgeon rise from beds of zos grass within fifty yards of a village coastal road where army trucks thundered. The birds have come back to their ancient feeding-grounds because now they can feed and sleep in peace and security.

Let us retain this ban on night shooting when peace comes. It would be no bad thing. Let us, by all means, relax the ban so that a man may go out in his *Joseph and Mary* by night, drop his hook, turn into his bunk and be up with the harsh rattle of an alarm and into

his punt an hour before dawn. That will give him time to locate fowl and work up to them. The lightening dawn will give him the open daylight in which to find his cripples, too many of which get away when a shot is fired under the moon. To-day the birds are back after half a century of midnight fears and alarms. Let us give them law and lure to remain.

And now back to our *Joseph and Mary*.

The hook went down with a surge and rattle off Canney Creek, the gaff whistled down, jib and mainsail were taken in, a minute's scurry and all was tight and Bristol-fashion.

Dusk came on greenish wings. The winter sky, a dying bale-fire, lit the snowy upland fields with a pink, uncanny light. Curlew whistled mournfully. A vast herd of them, winnowing on a thousand wings, came like valkyries out of the half light behind which lay the red roofs and Saxon churches of that ancient town where

for three days Alfred fought the Danes in the bloody river bed. Thus and there was born the oldest song in the English tongue.

A dog barked, uncanny in the cold silence, up at the island farm. Rooks blew like flying rags into the stark, etched trees. It is only eighty years since almost the last raven in southern England nested in those immutable elms. It is only a winter since I saw a marsh harrier sail lordly from the broken sea-wall like an Elizabethan echo, only two autumns since that bright September afternoon when a peregrine stooped like a sudden bolt from the high blue, struck down a pigeon above the dancing water and carried him, his epitaph a veil of floating feathers, to tear and eat in a tall, full-leaved elm which stood amidst the slumbering gold of the harvest fields.

In the tiny cabin, twelve-feet by six by four-feet-six high—we sleep two in one bunk,



WALTER LINNETT, A BRADWELL FOWLER, OFF ON A SEPTEMBER TIDE
Few have leave to shoot on these bitter East Coast waters to-day



OLD PORTER OF MANNINGTREE

No gun may be fired between dusk and dawn



WEST MERSEA WILDFOWLERS ON THE ANNUAL OPENING DAY

head and toe, one in the other and two on the floor, feet to the stove—we got out the kettle and frying-pan, fried dabs and little soles, made hot black tea, ate cold widgeon with our fingers, spread the hot fish on thick bread and talked of these war hazards which send duck and geese to the London markets.

Has food ever tasted better? The cabin is warm after the cold deck, the tea is sugary, rations or no rations, and our hunger is the sharpest sauce. Who, in his senses, would exchange this meal, where we have come very nearly down to essentials, for the synthetic glories of the most glittering of our great town hotels? For our essentials are perfect, each in its kind. Our fish is only just brought up from the green world under the surface, our bread is home-baked.

As we ate we talked. We agreed that Hitler had a packet coming to him.

"Toime I had 'im up this here River I'd larn him. Stick him head downward in the mud. I would, where the tide could cover him—give they owd crabs a feed. But I doubt he'd pizin even they."

"That warnt many days ago that I set here in this cabin one night with me boy Chris. Dark that was and the stove agooin' fine. Suddin-like I heerd a airplane goo over."

"Thass an owd grunter sez me boy Chris. 'I know the double beat on 'im.'"

"'Damn' I sez. 'Up on deck wi yer and clap ya hat oover the stove-pipe. He'll see they sparks!'"

"Up the boy goo, clapped his owd hat on the chimney—scorched the top out on it—and round come that owd grunter agin. He missed us, but he dropped a rare gret bomb on the village. Blowed the roof off the King's Head and spilt the beer for a fortnit."

"But me Cousin Ned he got even along o' thet job. Nex mornin he was agooin through the Wallet, takin' a barge round to London river. Down comes a Jerry an' has a goo at him. Cousin Ned he shuts off at him wi' his gun and he reckons he winged him. He can shut, Ned can—bin a shutin' ducks on this river all 'is life and he don't miss much."

"What sort of a gun had he?" I asked. "Hotchkiss or a Lewis?"

"Gun?—he hadn't got no more'n a rifle. They don't give us fishin' chaps machine-guns. But give us a rifle and we'll tiddle 'em up."

We turned in. Dawn came with rimy fingers. The world was a place of ghostly mists and clawing frosts. The tide stole landward, silky and gurgling. Bar-geese laughed in the fog. The fishermen will tell you that they are the voices of drowned sailors mocking on the tide line at those who are about to follow.

High up the creek came

the muffled cronking of Brent geese, the "Wheeh" and purr of widgeon, the hoarse quack of mallard.

"They're a-singin' out on the mud all right—we'll warm 'em." The two punts slid overboard without a splash. The guns were lowered, breeched and trimmed. Alf took one and I the other. Silently, first with hand-paddles in the deep water, then with sprits in the shallows, we stole up the creek, one on either shore. Twenty minutes of back-breaking work, hands wet to reddened wrists, and we converged on that shouting, cackling, whistling multitude, discharging their dawn parliament on a "mud-horse" in mid-creek. Eighty yards, seventy-five, seventy. Alf's boot toe crashed on the bottom boards of his punt. A sudden shrill cacophony of wildfowl voices, a rattle and thunder of opening wings. . . .

"Br-r-r-oomp—oomp—oomp!" Twin reports and twin tongues of flame flashed and thundered almost as one. He had pulled his lanyard as they sat, as his boot toe thumped down. Mine was pulled as they jumped. We cut a

double lane through them.

And as the skirl of voices, the tornado of wings filled the upper air in a sudden frenzy, we punted rapidly to the mudbank, 12-bores banging right and left at the cripples.

Over all was the wild whistle of widgeon, the shriek of curlew, the distant thunder of geese rising in their thousands from far-off mudbanks, the sonorous squawk of a flurried heron, the lap of the immemorial tide.

Thirty-six geese and widgeon, a pair of mallard and a grey plover. A mixed bag on a war-time winter tide, a bag to feed many dozen human mouths.



Douglas Wen.

REWARD OF AN ALL-NIGHT WAIT

THE RIDPATH COLLECTION OF KNIVES AND FORKS

THE origin of everyday things is far from the commonplaces that they have become. Knives and forks, for example, have a fascinating history, if not of high antiquity. With knives it is necessary to remember that the knife was a personal possession, carried by its owner at his girdle during the middle ages, and it has the attraction of all individual and much-handled property. In a treatise on the whole subject of an esquire, dating from about 1475, we are told that he must have a clean knife and trencher for his cheese, and that when the meat is finished he must clean his knife and put it away. Care and individual fancy were extended on the handle of the knife; and among rich folk there were handles of a great variety of hard substances, such as silver (and other metals), ivory, horn, tortoiseshell, crystal, agate and onyx, and even glass and porcelain. Sometimes the knife-handle bears the original owner's name or initials; and the so-called "wedding knives" (accompanied in some cases by forks) also serve to mark a date and occasion in the owner's life.

Netherlandish wedding knives have as a rule silver handles engraved with relevant (and also with irrelevant) Biblical and classical subjects, and with devices such as flaming hearts, clasped hands and billing doves. The sides of the handles are for the most part inscribed with the bride's name, the date of the marriage and an appropriate motto. The custom continued until the eighteenth century in Holland.

We are accustomed to bracket the fork with the knife as a pair. But actually forks, though used for suckets and sweetmeats, were not introduced at table in England until the early part of the seventeenth century. Ben Jonson in his *Volpone* speaks of learning "the use and handling of your silver fork at meals," a use that was at first laughed down as a new-fangled foppery. The *locus classicus* for the introduction of the fork here is provided by the seventeenth-century traveller, Thomas Coryat, who in his *Cruities* (1611), notes the general use of the fork in Italy, "but in no other nation of Christendome," and tells us that he thought good to imitate this laudable custom both in Germany and, later, in England. Although the

use of silver forks is mentioned in 1652 as "taken up by some of our spruce gallants of late," its progress towards general table use was slow. It is true that Pepys (always avid for useful and handsome novelties) bought himself spoons and forks in 1664, prefacing this purchase with a disarming note: "God having given me some profit extraordinary of late," and adding "I pray God keep me from too great expense, though these will still be pretty good money."

Sorbière observed that the English "scarce ever make use of forks or ewers, for they wash their hands by dipping them into a bason of water"; while Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, describing better company, early in Charles II's reign, writes "on the English table there are no forks. A beaker was set before each person and at the end of the meal each dips the end of the napkin therein." The shortage of table cutlery extended until the middle years of the eighteenth century, and Dr. Thomas Somerville (1741-1814) records that, in his youth, country inns were so ill-provided that on a journey most people used to carry a knife and fork enclosed in a case "deposited in the side pocket of their small clothes."

The collection of Mrs. Guy Ridpath (which will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Wednesday, February 18, and the following day), includes knives, forks and spoons from the Low Countries, Germany, France, Italy and England. Probably the first impression will be the immense variety of materials and craftsmanship used in the decoration of handles, and also the outstanding national characteristics of French, German and Netherlandish work. A knife is sometimes a composite article, with English blade and continental handle, for English steelware and cutlery had a European reputation. Sometimes their dates can be approximately fixed by cutlers' and bladesmiths' marks. For instance, in a set of six sporting knives and forks, the London-made blades are marked "Gibbs," while the ivory handles (which are of German workmanship) are each carved with a full-length figure of a huntsman holding a gun and powder-flask, and having a bird slung over his shoulder. His dog sits between his knees (Fig. 1). A feature of this collection are the knives and forks with



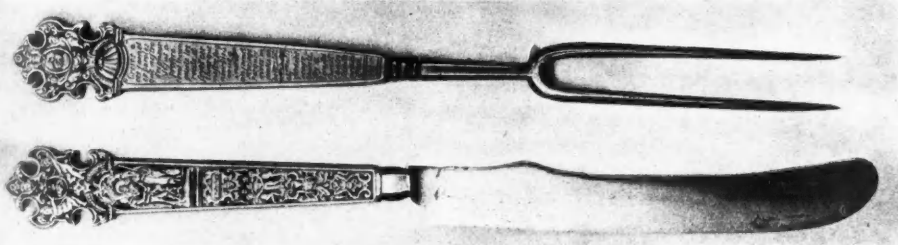
1.—WITH IVORY HANDLES CARVED AS HUNSMEN

Set of six sporting knives and forks in early eighteenth-century English leather case. Blades London made. German c. 1700

sheaths of needlework, gold or enamel. There are two fine examples of English wedding knives and forks with agate handles, enclosed in their seventeenth-century sheaths, embroidered with flowers in coloured silks and silver thread. A knife in one wedding pair bears the mark of the cutler, John Arnold, together with the dagger of the Cutlers' Company, and the sheath is worked in relief with roses, tulips and thistles, and is completed by a pendant button. The second English pair, dating from about 1640, is enclosed in a well-preserved sheath worked with roses, lilies and carnations on a ground of silver thread, finishing in a pendant drop (Fig. 3).

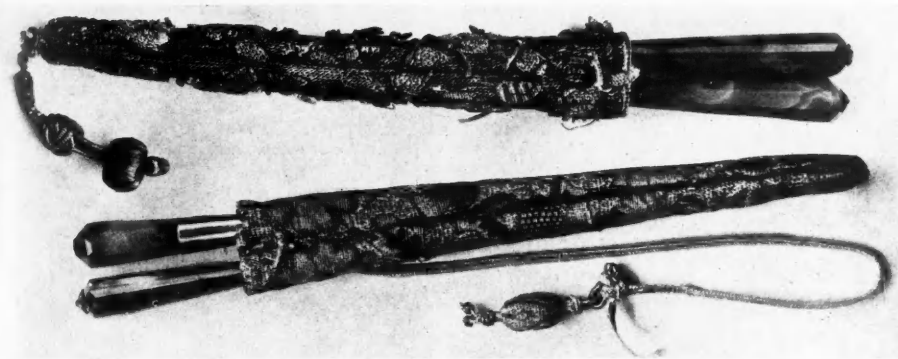
There is a group of ivory-handled knives made of the most fashionable material during the seventeenth century, to judge by the number of extant specimens. A wedding knife and fork (formerly in the Trapnell Collection) have their handles carved with full-length figures of Adam and Eve. The long blade bears the mark of Ephraim How (1652-1720), master of the Cutlers' Company in London in 1705 and 1706. The sheath in which this knife and fork are enclosed (which is French and dates from about 1600) is carved with the figure of King David on one side and on the reverse with Bellona. There are other ivory sheaths by the same craftsman in this collection. As the traveller carried his table cutlery with him until the eighteenth century, many ingenious devices were adopted for avoiding bulk, such as folding and interlocking handles. An English travelling knife and fork with silver pistol handles in half section fit together to make one complete handle. The knife blade bears the stamp of Ephraim How. Many varieties of French porcelain can be found among the knife handles of this collection; Chantilly, Mennecy, Vincennes, Sèvres and St. Cloud ware are represented; and there are also examples of the English factory at Bow. A set of five knives with handles of Chantilly porcelain are particularly attractive in colour. They are formed as a standing figure of a Chinaman wearing an aubergine skull cap, pale yellow skirt, and pale blue long-sleeved coat in which his hands are hidden. There are two similar knives in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The octagonal case, which dates from the sixteenth century, is of tooled and stamped leather.

In the section of silver-handled cutlery there is an important knife and fork in the style of the well-known designer



2.—WEDDING KNIFE AND FORK

The flat handles inscribed on the back with extracts from the marriage service in French. Flemish c. 1620

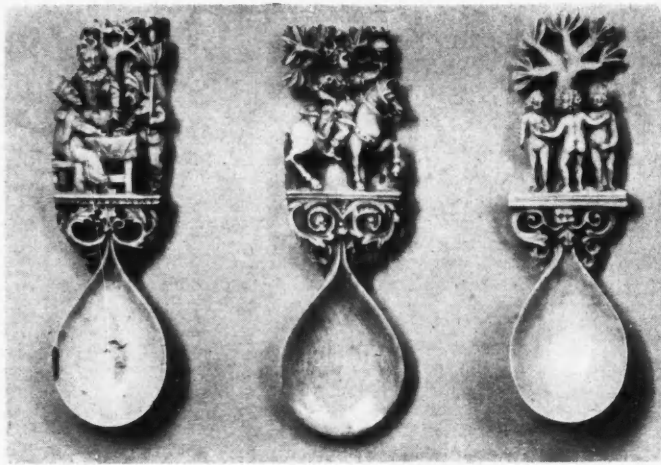


3.—WEDDING KNIVES AND FORKS IN NEEDLEWORK SHEATHS
English seventeenth century

and engraver, Johann Theodor de Bry (1561-1623). The flat silver handles finish in scroll ends, as in de Bry's designs; and the backs of the knife and fork are engraved with a long inscription from the marriage service in French (Fig. 2).

There is a representative group of ivory spoons, richly carved with single figures and small groups, dating from the early seventeenth century. The short-handles of two spoons are carved with the figure of Venus on a chariot, and with a group of Justice and a King above a pierced bracket stem (Fig. 4.). Three very similar examples are carved with figures of the Three Graces, the Triumph of Chastity (or Temperance), and an unidentified subject group.

Handles of boxwood form another section of this collection, and there are some fine sets of this characteristic German craft of the late seventeenth century.



4.—AVARICE (?) 5.—THE TRIUMPH OF CHASTITY
6.—THE THREE GRACES

Three ivory spoons; South German or North Italian.
Early seventeenth century

A set of twelve knives and forks with their handles carved with two figures displays the realistic skill of the South German carver and his minute treatment of nude and semi-nude figures in the round. This set came from a monastery near Innsbruck. There are also a set of fourteen knives of the same date, each handle carved with two full-length figures of deities and other subjects, and a large set of twelve knives and forks and also two long spoons, each carved with Biblical and fanciful subjects composed of two figures with a background of trees and a foliate terminal. There are also examples of spoons entirely made of boxwood elaborately carved, chiefly of South German workmanship, including a set of twelve spoons having the handles carved with eleven figures of the apostles, while the twelfth figure is a foot soldier wearing mid-sixteenth-century dress.

J. DE SERRES

THE COUNTRY YEAR

PORTRAYED IN A MEDIAEVAL BOOK OF HOURS - By C. J. P. CAVE

THE so-called Occupations of the Months were favourite subjects for mediaeval artists. They often occur in Books of Hours, the prayer book of the educated layman, and the examples given here are taken from a French manuscript written in about the year 1500. In this country we find the months represented in sculpture in many places. There is a complete set on capitals in Carlisle Cathedral; other sets are found on fonts; the months occur on misericords all over the country, but there are only a few complete sets. Some months may also be seen on tiles near the site of Becket's shrine in Canterbury Cathedral. Abroad there are many examples in sculpture, painting, and stained glass.

The subjects vary in different sets, but the one here given is a very typical example.

JANUARY. Feasting; note that a knife is used but no fork. This month is often represented by the two-faced Janus, one face deemed to be looking back on the old year, the other forward to the new.

FEBRUARY. Digging and hoeing. In the more northern countries this month is often shown

with a man or woman sitting by a fire; in more southern countries work on the land would be in full swing.

MARCH. Pruning; the short stems are probably vines. Note the billhooks being used by the two men; they are both of a pattern used to-day. In some examples lambing is shown in March.

APRIL. "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." In our example the young man has time to leave work on the land, but in others pruning and lambing are shown.

MAY. The courting has been short and the young man is bringing home his bride. In most examples May seems to be a holiday month; sometimes a man rides a horse with a hawk on his wrist.

JUNE. Haymaking; note the scythes which have only one handle, and the end of the snathe is held in the left hand. Note also the midday refreshment placed under the tree.

JULY. The corn harvest; as in all mediaeval pictures the corn is shown being cut with a sickle, a very slow process so that harvesting must have extended over many weeks.

AUGUST. Threshing with flails; this was also a slow process; it is often shown later in the year, but this book refers to a climate warmer than England and harvest would be finished earlier than here.

SEPTEMBER. The vintage; this seems to be an important work of the year showing that the book refers to a southern clime, perhaps Burgundy. Apple gathering is shown in some examples from England and Normandy.

OCTOBER. Ploughing and sowing; in some examples we find sowing in March, and in October crushing grapes, barrelling wine, or gathering fruit, and sometimes hawking, and very occasionally fishing.

NOVEMBER. Men are here seen knocking down acorns for feeding the pigs in order that they may be fattened up before the winter slaughter; pigs are shown feeding on the fallen acorns.

DECEMBER. Killing the pig; most live stock could not be kept through the winter in mediaeval times and, therefore, many were slaughtered and salted for winter use. Note the woman catching the pig's blood in a basin.



JANUARY



FEBRUARY



MARCH



APRIL



MAY



JUNE



JULY



AUGUST



SEPTEMBER



OCTOBER



NOVEMBER



DECEMBER

THE GARDEN OF A GREAT GARDENER

EXBURY :

The Country Home of the late
MR. LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD

By G. C. TAYLOR

WITH the death of Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, English horticulture in general, and the rhododendron world in particular, have lost one of their most devoted servants and an acknowledged master. To his gardening, as with other hobbies in earlier years, he brought a knowledge and a capacity for thoroughness that placed him in a unique position among the present generation of gardeners. Not content with pursuing the interesting work of planning and planting, both of which he carried out with conspicuous success, and with collecting plants of all kinds, notably trees and shrubs from all over the world, he was fired with the desire of every true gardener to raise his own productions. This he set about doing in his later years and became absorbed with his favourite genus rhododendron.

His enthusiastic labours and his many notable achievements in the sphere of rhododendrons have changed what had been largely an indeterminate quest for new kinds into a scientific study of rhododendron hybridisation and culture. The list of hybrids with his name attached in the more recent year books of the Rhododendron Association are evidence of how much he accomplished in the field of hybridisation, and those who, like the writer, have been privileged to see his collection at Exbury and all his latest



EXBURY HOUSE—A VIEW OF THE SOUTH FRONT FROM THE CEDAR WALK

creations know how great is the debt of gratitude we owe to his patient industry in selecting and crossing over many years. It is too early yet to assess the value of his work as a raiser, and the extent of his contributions to the world of rhododendrons and azaleas, but it is safe to say that many of

his creations such as Rhododendrons Lady Bessborough and Lady Chamberlain and his strain of azaleas are likely to remain unrivalled for some time to come and form notable additions to the ranks of ornamental garden shrubs.

In Exbury he has left behind him a



THE FORMAL WATER-GARDEN

"Country Life"



A WOODLAND GLADE IN EARLY MAY

A striking association of blue and yellow rhododendrons (*R. Augustinii* and *R. campylocarpum*)



A SPRING SCENE IN THE GROUNDS

Daffodils naturalised along the margins of the entrance drive

"Country Life"



A VISTA ALONG ONE OF THE MAIN WOODLAND WALKS IN
LATE SPRING

Azalea Hinomayo in its full tide of loveliness at the path edge



THE LILY POND IN HIGH SUMMER



THE PAGEANT OF THE JAPANESE CHERRIES

The ground carpet is provided by multi-coloured polyanthus primroses

garden that will win for him an honourable place among those who, during the last half century, have given English gardening the leading place it occupies to-day in the garden art of the western world. Having graduated from his adjoining estate of Inchmery, where he made a small water garden in the early years of the last war, his first venture in gardening, he took over Exbury about 1918 when he began his first plantings of rhododendrons and laid out the skeleton of the garden which was enlarged and extended year by year and clothed with a rich beauty of plant material, gathered together with care and arranged with discretion and with due regard to the cultural needs of every plant. A well-timbered site, studded with oaks and Scots pines, sloping gently down to the Beaulieu river and extending to some two hundred acres, provided ample scope for woodland gardening on a grand scale, and, with characteristic energy the new owner set about its development.

Now that a large part of the garden which might be better termed a gardenized demesne, has passed its growing pains and is beginning to assume the beauty that comes with maturity and age, it is possible to gain some impression of its many striking features. To those with the traditional ideas of a garden, even a large one, Exbury must come as a revelation. Its spaciousness, with 20 miles or so of paths and walks is almost beyond comprehension on a first visit. The woodland glades each dominated by different features, cherries here, magnolias there, and azaleas and rhododendrons everywhere, the open clearings with their drifts of primulas, astilbes or alstroemerias according to the season, the lily pools, streams and dells, the rock garden resembling a scene from western China with its dense carpet of miniature rhododendrons, the heath garden, the grassy meadow sloping down to the river gay in spring with myriad daffodils, and the many lovely vistas everywhere, are all that the most sybaritic gardener could desire. Its very vastness has, it is true, its drawbacks, and there will be many who prefer a smaller area, where a more intimate atmosphere is attainable.

On such a vast canvas it is easy to make mistakes and produce a restless effect. But, by a skilful disposition of the material, the division of the vast site into sections each with its separate and distinct features, but all connected to form a continuous whole, and planting with the bold hand, demanded by the size of the place, such pitfalls have been avoided. The impression of aloofness so commonly associated with the vast and spacious garden is generally absent at Exbury. Despite its size it possesses a feeling of intimacy in large measure due to the close union of all its parts, its fitness to the surroundings and the many charming and picturesque incidents and plant associations which greet the eye at almost every turn. Considering the difficulties and drawbacks of developing a site of this area in parts, and being unable to plan it out as a consistent whole, the result has been remarkably successful and affords an excellent example of the gradual development of a large woodland site on the best lines both artistically and practically.

The accompanying illustrations of scenes in the woodland and in the wooded park adjoining the house give some idea of the glories of this wonderful garden, the achievement of barely a quarter of a century. Though they cannot unfortunately be reproduced in colour, they convey even in black and white, and better than words can express, something of the magnificence of the pageant when the rhododendrons and azaleas are in the full tide of their loveliness through May and early June, filling the clearings between the oaks and pines and lining the margins of woodland walks and moss-carpeted paths. On any day in late spring, when the festival of bloom is at its height, no words can fully describe the brilliance lighting up every bush and the enchanting beauty of the long vistas framed by noble oaks and the tall glowing red columns of the pines. Rich in contrasts as well as in colouring, Exbury provides a pageant of changing scenes the whole year round. From the depth of winter with its carpets of the cheerful winter heath *Erica carnea*

enrich the scene with *Viburnum fragrans*, *Hamamelis mollis*, *Mahonia japonica* and a host of other early flowering treasures, through the spring with its daffodils and a host of shrubs and trees, like the magnolias and cherries and crab apples, the masses of rhododendrons both species and hybrids and azaleas which carry over into early summer there is never a dull moment. Then the festival is kept up by the denizens of the waterside, anemones, irises, day lilies and hostas, and later by the hydrangeas, until the autumn when the landscape is aflame with the red and crimson of the dying leaves of the host of autumnal treasures, maple and liquidambar, parrotia and cornus, and lit up by the splendour of the berried bunches of barberry, cotoneaster and viburnum.

To attempt to give even the briefest catalogue of the contents of this vast storehouse of plants is impossible and would only bore the reader. Everything that is noteworthy in the world of ornamental hardy trees and shrubs, and many tender things too, has been brought together within the confines of Exbury, and is supported by a full complement of hardy herbaceous plants, each of established reputation and chosen for the bold and picturesque effects each creates in its season. Ample space has provided the opportunity



CANDELABRA PRIMULAS, *P. HELODOXA* BY THE MARGIN OF A STREAM IN THE WOODLAND

of growing large numbers of most of the new introductions to the ranks of trees and shrubs, and in particular such genera as rhododendron, viburnum, cotoneaster, berberis, magnolia, prunus and pyrus, during the last forty years of intensive botanical exploration, with the result that it has been possible to pick out the best forms, and as these have been discovered, so have they been propagated and generously distributed. For this alone, gardeners are deeply indebted to Exbury and its late owner.

It must remain for ever a matter of regret that the maker of Exbury was not spared to see the task to which he put his hand finally completed, if finality can ever be reached in a garden. But he achieved much in the short space of twenty-three years of garden making, and as time progresses, so will gardeners be better able to gauge the full range of his accomplishments. In Exbury he has left behind a monument to his skill and genius as a gardener and as a raiser of rhododendrons, which will long serve to keep his memory green among future generations of plant lovers, and in its ever changing scenes and its beauties of colour and blossom, it provides the fitting epitaph *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*.



JAPANESE IRISES (*I. KEMPFERI*) AND PRIMULA FLORINDÆ IN THE COOL OF THE BOG GARDEN



THE AUGUSTINII WALK UNDER THE PINES. A SHIMMERING MIST OF BLUE IN EARLY MAY

DATE GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

DATE growers in the eastern countries have a serious rival, for the fruit-growers of Western America are giving close attention to the cultivation of this fruit, and they are being encouraged to do so by the Agricultural Department of the United States Government.

Date groves have been established in California, Arizona and Nevada—the finest being those in the Coachella Valley in California—and also in the southern state of Texas. The annual yield of American groves is about 8,000,000 lb. Whether California will ever be a serious competitor to eastern growers is, perhaps, an open question. But it must not be forgotten that her vast citrus industry has been built up in half a century.

Some 267,000 acres of land in California are devoted to citrus fruit, the total annual crop amounting to a million tons of fruit. At Riverside one can still see one of the two parent orange trees introduced into the state by Mrs. Tibbetts sixty years ago. It was from these two trees that the great orange industry of

California to serve as the nucleus for the coming industry.

The suckers were duly planted and as they struggled upwards their growth and habits were carefully watched. Clocks and measuring devices recorded daily growth in split millimetres. As a result many little-known facts were learned. The date palm grows at night and sleeps during the day. Below 46 deg. Fahrenheit the palm hibernates, but when warmed in the spring by the sun's rays it takes on once more the job of living and producing.

The Arabs say that the date palm must have its feet in water and its head in fire. It requires far more water than any other fruit or crop and the water must be delivered to its roots. Rains at the wrong season crack the dates and spoil them for market.

Another interesting fact about the date palm is that it does not "thicken" once it reaches maturity, but it continues to shoot its head ever upwards.

Unlike such trees as the oak and beech, the date palm does not bear the male and female

ascend the palm and dethorn the leaves which have grown out during the past year. This must be completed before the blooms, called spaths, begin to open.

Now comes the business of pollination. This job is turned over to anyone not afflicted with hay fever. "Date fever" perhaps would be a more accurate term, for the date pollen stirs up this discomfort potentially and quickly. Loud are the sneezes on all sides during the 40 to 60 days of pollination. Wearing cork helmets to protect them against sunstroke, men climb tall ladders into the very centre of the palms. Each man applies from time to time a pollen-dipped ball of cotton to the many blossoms held within the long stalks, ties a sprig of male blossom within the female cluster or dusts loose pollen on to the female flower. Lastly, he ties the stalk close to make sure the pollen takes effect, fixing a slip knot in such a way that the bunch may expand as the dates increase in size.

Pollination over, anxious eyes consult the thermometers. Summer is just round the bend, which means dry days for the palms; whirring pumps must make sure that seven feet of water pour upon each acre before the year end.

By May, the pumps are beginning to run day and night. Now comes the task of cutting away superfluous bunches, leaving an average of twelve to each palm. Cords are removed from the remaining dozen and their stems tied to a midrib of a leaf for support as the fruit gains in weight and size. It is now mid-June.

During the next two months the work consists of dusting a dash of sulphur on each bunch, following a heat-resisting, back-breaking climb up ladders with heavy machines; irrigating constantly; cultivating continuously to kill fledgeling weeds which would appropriate the water.

With the coming of September the temperature drops somewhat. Less water is required by the palms. The orchardist now begins his annual collection of picking pails and ladders. A heavy paper cover is placed over each bunch of dates

as protection against rain, for though only an inch or two falls in a normal season, if the clouds open during the harvesting period the entire crop may be ruined.

In late September the dates, now from one and a half to two inches long, begin to ripen. Not all ripen simultaneously, so the pickers go through each bunch, carefully pulling off the ripe dates and dropping them into a pail hanging on the picking ladder. A good picker gathers up to 800 lb. in a day.

The fruit is placed in boxes and trucked to the packing house, and there the grower's part of the job is finished. The picking continues at full speed until mid-December. As a palm grows about 21 new leaves each year, the 21 lowest leaves are now pruned off, and the palm is 30 inches taller.

Preparing dates for the market is anything but a simple procedure; indeed few fruits require as much care and expense in the interval between grower and consumer.

Arriving at the packing house the date first pass through a revolving cylinder lined with soft brushes, which remove any dust that adheres to the fruit when picked. After the cleaned fruit has been piled on sleds it is moved into fumigation rooms by means of lift trucks, each stack containing roughly 1,000 lb.



FURROWS FLOODED IN ORDER TO REACH THE FAN-LIKE ROOTS OF THE DATE PALMS
Seven feet of water must be poured upon each acre every season

Western America, representing a capital to-day of £40,000,000, had its birth.

Although in its native home in the East the date palm would appear to flourish with very little care on the part of man, the American growers found it necessary to carry out lengthy experiments and to spend considerable sums before they hit upon the right methods of cultivation. Yet the tree has flourished in California ever since the days of the old Spanish missions, but more as an ornament than as a fruit-producing plant.

It was some thirty-five years ago that America began to give serious attention to date cultivation as a commercial proposition. Dr. W. T. Swingle, botanist of the United States Department of Agriculture, was sent to Algeria to secure date suckers. He visited many groves and examined hundreds of trees, representing many varieties. Finally he selected the variety known as Deglet Noors, an Arab term meaning Date of Light.

The suckers were obtained from the base of the trees, slung across camels' backs and delivered to the port of Algiers for shipment to America. The job was scarcely as simple as this may indicate. Dr. Swingle devised means of packing the delicate shoots in moistened moss. In due course 447 shoots reached

flowers on the same plant. There are pollen-bearing palms and female flower-bearing palms. None of the latter can produce fruit unless its flowers receive pollen from the male flowers. In the wild state there are as many male trees as female trees, and the pollen is carried to the female flowers by the wind.

Naturally the modern grower does not wish to encumber his grove with too many pollen-bearing trees, so he resorts to artificial fertilisation. In the groves of California there are not more than three or four male trees to an acre, which may be planted with as many as fifty female trees.

It was at Indio, in the Coachella Valley, California, that the writer learned something of the wonders of modern date cultivation. The gardens here lie 20 feet below sea level. The soil of the valley is a rich silt, due, it is believed, to the fact that in comparatively recent geologic times it was the bed of an inland sea.

Let us follow the date orchardist's life throughout the year. In January he finds his palms afflicted with long, sharp, vicious, poisonous thorns. These appear, not hazily, but on the inner five feet of each leaf stem. Hence, since workers must climb through the leaves to the palm's crown for pollinating and thinning, men bearing sharp hooked knives



DATES READY FOR PICKING

The annual yield of American date groves is about 8,000,000 lb.

When a room is full gas is turned on. The gas used is comparatively new. It is deadly to insects but harmless to man. It leaves no residue on the fruit, is non-explosive and non-inflammable.

Dates too soft and juicy to ship without spoilage are specially treated. They are spread on wire-bottomed trays and exposed to the blast of fans until the excess moisture has been removed. Dry dates also come in for special treatment. There is always a large number of dates which have dried on the palm to the point where they are not as palatable as the recognised standard grade. These dry dates are sent to the hydrating department, where they are spread on large trays, trucked into metal rooms and kept in a steam-filled atmosphere until they have soaked up enough moisture to become soft and tender. These dates have a flavour all their own when so treated and are very popular. There is no confusion between these dates and the untreated ones. They are always labelled "Hydrated."

Finally comes the work of grading and packing. This is done in a large, airy room by white-uniformed girls and women, all of whom must pass a medical examination before reporting for work each season.

As the stream of fruit moves along on white rubber belts it is sorted into various grades according to quality and condition. There is a small percentage of "extra fancy," which later is found packed in gift boxes; for those who want the next best, there is the fancy grade, which is usually packed in small baskets; the choice grade is generally moved to market in wooden boxes.

Immature dates are separated from the others and sent to the maturing rooms, where they are kept at constant temperature by means of thermostatically controlled electric heaters until a full stage of maturity is reached. Some of the finest fruit is ripened under these controlled conditions.



EXAMINATION OF CONTAINERS WHICH CATCH DROPPING DATES

SUCCESS WITH TOMATOES

By G. CROSBIE

WITH the possible exception of onions and potatoes, no other crop has come to occupy a more important place in the kitchen garden these days than the tomato. From being regarded as a luxury, it has now come to be recognised as an essential crop even in war-time, owing to its high dietetic qualities; and the shortage of supplies, owing to the lack of imports from the Channel Islands and elsewhere, has given considerable impetus to the movement for increased production both outside and under glass. We are still a long way from being able to meet the present demand, but commercial growers and private gardeners between them have achieved much during the past two years, and last season especially, notwithstanding the generally unfavourable season, the total yield from outdoor tomatoes alone must have been the highest in our history. Unfortunately no figures are available, but when it is estimated that a yield of some fifteen to twenty tons per acre was obtained from outdoor plants (figures based on trials conducted in various parts of the country, which are by no means high when compared with yields obtained in Worcestershire, where outdoor tomato growing has long been practised) and multiplied by a greatly increased acreage, some idea of the enormous increase in the yield of tomatoes last year and our capacity for future production can be obtained.

The growing of tomatoes presents no real difficulties, but those who aim to produce crops under glass must bear in mind that success comes only by exercising care in the preparation of the soil compost, in maintaining a high and steady temperature, in watering and in feeding. The tomato is not an economic crop to grow if early supplies are desired. It demands a temperature round about 65 deg. F. For the sake of economising in fuel (an important matter in these days) a temperature of 55 deg. to 60 deg. F. can be maintained, and will be successful enough, but growth will be correspondingly slower, and this slower growth will inevitably lead to various troubles. Where this temperature cannot be maintained throughout the early stages then it is better not to attempt early sowing. Although a high temperature is necessary, the plants do not want coddling. Nothing is more inimical to healthy

growth than a stuffy and humid atmosphere. Tomatoes appreciate a buoyant atmosphere, and air should be given on all favourable occasions by first allowing a crack on the top vent of the house and later opening them full for an hour or so according to the weather. Until March, only the top vent should be employed.

Sowing should be done in boxes in a compost consisting of good clean sandy loam to which has been added a sprinkling of lime and well-decayed horse manure in the proportion of 5 to 1. Nothing is more important than using good loam, preferably sterilised either by chemical means using formaldehyde or by steam, and the same applies to the soil mixture in which the plants pass their later stages. Once the seedlings appear, which should be in a matter of a week or ten days, if in a temperature of 65 deg. F., they should be given as much light as possible and pricked off into 3½-in. pots, using a similar compost to which bone flour has been added (1 lb. to every 100 lb. of compost), when the first two leaves are unfolding. During this stage it is important to give the plants plenty of light and air on all favourable occasions to encourage sturdy growth, and, for this reason also, to avoid over watering.

The later stages of growth can be completed either in the soil bed of the house as practised by all commercial growers and in many of the larger gardens nowadays, or in pots, or cardboard or concrete containers or wooden boxes stood on benches or on the ground. Where the former method cannot be conveniently practised, then 9-in. to 12-in. pots will be suitable or containers measuring about 9 ins. in diameter or long wooden boxes 9 ins. across by a foot deep. These can be filled about three-quarters full with a compost made up of good freshly

stacked loam and horse manure or old hot-bed material and a mixture of one part bone meal, one part hoof and horn and one part sulphate of potash added at the rate of 1 lb. to every 100 lb. of soil. It is always advisable to mix the compost a few days prior to use, and to keep it in the same temperature as that of the house, so that the plants do not receive any check.

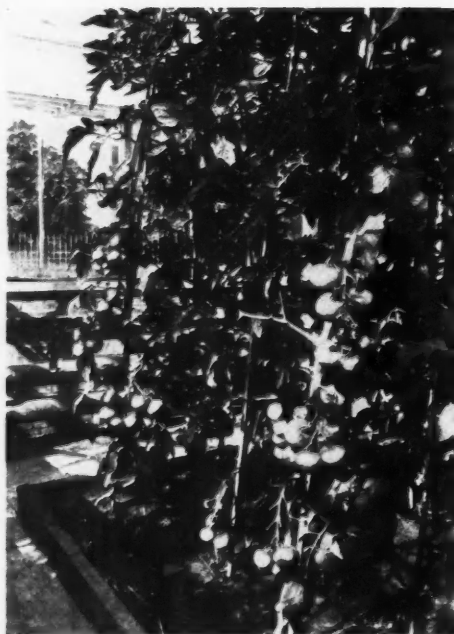
When potting, it is important to see that the soil is well firmed, making sure that the bottom soil is well rammed. Good drainage is essential, and the pots must be well crocked with a layer of leaves on top of the crocks. Always leave sufficient room when the plants are growing in pots or boxes for top dressing which should be added an inch or two at a time, until the soil is full of roots, and water carefully, just keeping the compost moderately moist.

When the plants are to be grown in a soil bed, prepare the ground by trenching to a depth of 15 ins., forking in a dressing of hydrated lime about half a pound per sq. yard and then giving a heavy watering. After it has dried out, apply a dressing of clean strong horse manure, digging it in about a foot below the surface, followed by a mixture of equal parts of bone meal, hoof and horn and sulphate of potash forked into the top 6 ins. at the rate of about 12 oz. to the sq. yard. Where the soil is on the heavy side, it is a good plan to incorporate lines of cut straw (wheat or oat)



A HOUSE OF TOMATOES TWO MONTHS AFTER SOWING IN THE GARDENS AT CORNWELL MANOR

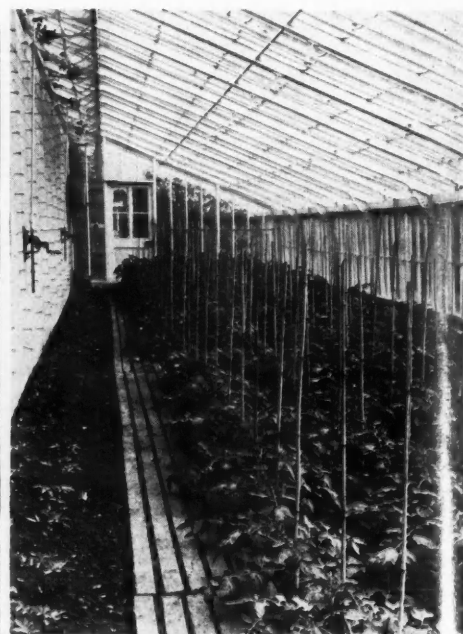
The plants are grown in pots and trained on bamboo canes



TOMATO E.S.1, approaching maturity in early July from a January sowing. The plants are carrying five and six trusses of fruit. Note the line of cut straw inserted vertically in the soil bed to assist drainage and rooting



AN OUTSIDE CROP OF TOMATOES in Messrs. Boots's trial grounds, Nottingham. The plants are carrying their first trusses of fruit in mid-July. The variety is Stonor's Exhibition



A FINE HOUSE OF TOMATOES IN EARLY SPRING raised from a January sowing. The plants are in a ground bed and trained on bamboo canes. The variety is Plumpton King, a good variety for early cropping

between the rows of the tomatoes, which serves to keep the soil more open, thus assisting root development, and ensuring that when watering and feeding are done, the moisture and nourishment reach the roots of the plants and are not dissipated over the entire surface of the bed.

When the plants are sturdy and showing their first truss, they will be ready for planting out in the bed, which should be reasonably moist. Set the plants about 14 or 15 ins. apart, in rows with 18 ins. between, planting them with a trowel or a dibber, and being careful to handle the plants only by the leaves and not by the stem when transferring them from their pots. The plants can be trained by supporting the stems with strings fastened to overhead wires with stout wooden stakes. Although canes are frequently used in private gardens, they are not recommended in commercial practice as they harbour insect pests, such as red spider, unless they are carefully cleaned. If care is taken to clean them, however, they are excellent for training the plant either in a bed or in pots. Careful training is required. The plants may be supported at five or six trusses or allowed to grow unrestricted. The number of trusses carried depends on the amount of head and root room. In pots, six trusses are generally ample, but in a bed eight to ten trusses can be carried. The shoots must be rubbed out when they appear.

In order to assist the setting of fruit, growers should aim to produce well balanced and hardy looking plants. If difficulty is experienced with the set, the fault can generally be traced to too rank and soft growth or to an insufficiency of water, and can be remedied to some extent by overhead damping by means of a syringe, which shakes the pollen. Once setting is obtained, feeding must be carried out. The first top dressing consisting of a good general tomato fertiliser should be given about six weeks after planting, following on at intervals of about a fortnight to three weeks as the fruits are beginning to swell. This applied at the rate of about 2 oz. to the sq. yard acts as a good stimulant, corrects soft growth, and encourages the development of good fruits.

Where there are no facilities for greenhouse culture, a good crop can be obtained by growing plants in frames, planted out about the middle of May, allowing three plants to a frame and training them on a trellis work of bamboo canes. Outside cultivation offers ample return and in gardens any warm south or west border against a wall or fence is an excellent position. In the open, any site with a gentle slope to the south and west and protected by shrubs or trees from the north and east affords every chance of success. A medium loam is perhaps best, and if this is well dug and manured, and two applications of a good tomato fertiliser are given

in July and August there should be little risk of failure. The plants can be put out in early June, with 18 ins. between them in rows 2½ ft. apart, and allowed to carry five trusses of fruit. Given a favourable season, cropping should begin in early August, and continue until October, each plant yielding about 4 to 4½ lb. of fruits, which is surely a sufficiently adequate return.

Varieties of tomatoes are now legion, and many gardeners have their own preferences and can stick to them. For glass work, however, the following kinds have proved highly satisfactory in the last year or two and are worth trying:—Selected Ailsa Craig, Plumpton King (good for early cropping as well as for outside), E.S.1, Potentate, Best Of All, Stonor's Exhibition, Stonor's Prolific, Market King, and the new variety Vetomold immune to leaf mould. For outside culture, several of those like Market King, Potentate, E.S.1 and Plumpton King can be recommended from their behaviour in trials last year, as well as Jas. W. Craig, which gave an excellent account of itself last year. Essex Wonder, Pride of the Garden, Bide's Recruit, are also worth growing, and if it can be obtained Badsey Potato Leaf—the variety (of which there are several strains, some superior to others) which is widely grown by commercial growers in Worcestershire, and a remarkable plant growing about 2 ft. high with a double stem, carrying about seven trusses of fruit, thus giving a heavy yield.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I AM neither a crossword fan nor a crossword expert, but the game, with which I dally, amuses and occasionally even excites me. I never play a single but prefer a foursome, in which my partner wields the pencil and does most of the hard, unobtrusive work and I come in now and then with a flashy guess or a quotation that I chance to know. In short I am hardly to be called a player at all. Nevertheless I was lately thrilled at the prospect of something in the nature of a set and public championship, and when I read the other day that several heroic gentlemen had accepted a challenge and finished the *Daily Telegraph* crossword in under twelve minutes I cheered aloud.

It was once stated in a letter to *The Times* by the late Sir Austen Chamberlain that the then Provost of Eton, Dr. M. R. James, daily did the crossword while his breakfast egg was boiling, and, further, that he was known to prefer his egg lightly boiled. Dr. James did not confirm this statement, which was clearly indeed no more than a light and agreeable fiction; but when much more credible and possible times were claimed it was good fun to see the claimants put to the test. I must add that I was personally convinced that they were "all honourable men," and my only doubt was not whether they had in fact accomplished these times, but whether they would repeat them in the chill atmosphere of the examination room. We all know that it is one thing to do a score in a game—yes, even in the improbable event of our holing all the short putts—and another with the odious card and pencil in our pockets, when they have all got to be holed and we are moreover in a state of some nervous tension. To give another example from a more intellectual battle-field than the links, I once took part at Broadcasting House in an international spelling bee against the United States, in which, incidentally, we scored a glorious victory. The words we were asked to spell were exceedingly easy, and I was so fortunate as to remain undefeated at the end; but the strangeness of the surroundings, the garish lights, the having to advance to the microphone with one's legs festooned by mysterious coils, the thought that a large number of people were listening and malignantly hoping that one would make a fool of oneself—all these circumstances did tend to make one feel a little flushed and hot-headed. I am convinced that they wholly accounted for our Colonel—from the Educational Corps too—boggling over the word "amaraderie," and our distinguished actress

proclaiming with a proud certainty that this time at least she was right "Rhododendrum." I conceived it possible that some such brain-storm might attack these champion solvers on the appointed day.

As a golfer I had a great deal of sympathy with those gentlemen who, having done remarkable times, mildly resented the fact that their word was not taken for them, so I was pleased when they gave their proofs. After all, when we come into the club-house announcing with a modest pride that we have gone round in 69 or 79 or 89 (here are scores to suit all classes) we do not mean by that statement that we can do it every time. We are entitled to resent any ill-mannered person who should say, with an air of palpable incredulity, "Oh, did you? Well, I bet you won't do it again." In so far as nobody holes out all the tiniest putts in a casual game it may be that all men are liars as regards their scores, but their lies like their putts are for the most part only very little ones.

There are of course exceptions, people who are entirely honest in other ways, but have a habit of grossly and ridiculously understating their scores. I recall one who for many years used to play in the Amateur Championship. While the practice rounds were in progress the local evening papers used invariably to announce that A. B. had gone round in 72. When the day of battle arrived A. B. was beaten in the first round, as a rule by 6 and 5; I doubt whether, unless he drew a bye, he ever survived to the second. Going still further into the past there comes back from a certain seaside course the ghost of one who had undoubtedly been in his day a goodish player. He always carried his own clubs and his scores were always low in the seventies. It was just before the summer match-play tournament and there were some who said that it was really useless to compete since X was certain to win. "Well, if you ask me," replied a certain outspoken friend of mine, "he has no more chance than my boot"—a remark which produced a painful silence. By chance it was I myself who had to meet X in the very first round. I had not been unduly frightened, and without entering into details I may say that my friend's prophecy was as entirely justified as his simile was apt.

Leaving on one side these little playful extravagances, there is one very good reason why few scores are accurate whether recorded by the players themselves or, if they are fortunate in attracting so much attention, by the newspapers. Suppose my ball is lying at a

highly dubious distance from the hole—say 5 ft.—and my opponent, having met with some heavy disaster, surrenders. It is obviously a piece of bad manners for me solemnly to hole out, as if my score were more important than the match. What I ought to do is clear: to say "Thank you" and pick up my ball. What I too often do is to hit the putt quickly, casually and even one-handed. If the ball goes in I naturally count it in and if it does not I still count it in, since I could have holed it if I had tried. That is an easy way of doing a good score and a tempting one too, because it is just as absurd to assume that I was sure to take two putts from 5 ft. as that I was sure to need only one. Indeed that 5 ft. putt which is conceded is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole business. In such a case the golfing reporter, who is anxious to produce an "approximate" score, does not hesitate a moment; he always gives the player the benefit of the doubt and sometimes at a considerably longer range. No one is deliberately mendacious; there is really no other way, but a score so compiled is scarcely worth the paper it is written on.

Personally when I feel too sceptical about any golfing achievement I turn as a corrective to the pages of the *Golfer's Handbook* which are devoted to miscellaneous information. There I discover that all sorts of things which I should have been inclined to doubt have happened repeatedly. That two players should sometime and somewhere halve a hole in one is, for example, credible enough, but who would have believed that this has been done no fewer than eight times in singles and once in a four-ball match, and further that two partners in a four-ball have halved a hole in one. It is wholly astonishing, but there are the statistics in black and white complete with names and dates and witnesses. It seemed stunning enough when, in the Open Championship of 1921 at St. Andrews, Jock Hutchison holed his tee shot at the eighth and his ball ran over the edge of the ninth for a second one. Yet if he had actually holed out at the ninth he would only have equalled a record made 10 years earlier in Vancouver by the professional of the Jericho Golf Club. So in a general way I am prepared to believe anything, and now that these crossword magicians have accomplished six minutes instead of 12 I remain comparatively calm. I shall still be quite pleased if very occasionally I solve a puzzle in an hour and a half, just as I am still pleased with doing a short hole in three in spite of all these ones going about.

THE LAST EARL OF BERKELEY

SAILOR, SCIENTIST AND SPORTSMAN

THE late Lord Berkeley was not and had no wish to be a public figure, nor was he well known outside a somewhat restricted circle of friends. He has not, therefore, been generally recognised for what, in fact, he was—one of the most remarkable and versatile men of his time. I am not competent to speak of the research work into osmosis with which his reputation as a scientist is associated, but the originality and force of his intelligence was apparent in all his wide range of interests and gave great fascination to his conversation. He was remarkable for the precision and accuracy of his mind and his quest in all things for the truth and for certainty. He was the most painstaking and meticulous of men in whatever he undertook. This was the more remarkable because his best friends had to admit that he was not the most patient of men in the small things of life. In everything he had only one standard—the best. These qualities made him intolerant of whatever was not first rate and contemptuous of what was sham or shoddy or pretentious. He certainly did not suffer fools gladly. He could be ruthless and he was not easy of approach. To many, he no doubt appeared dull and unsociable, but his friendship once given was warm and generous, and he was then a most attractive companion with a great sense of fun.

When I first met him, he was living at Foxcombe, on top of Boar's Hill outside Oxford, where he had established his research laboratory. Foxcombe remains in my memory as a house rather in the villa style to which Lord Berkeley, who had the passion for building which distinguishes so many great men, had made considerable and very beautiful additions not at all in the villa style. The effect, strangely enough, was pleasant. Here he lived an almost monastic life absorbed in research and in golf. Without much natural aptitude for the game, and with a not very pleasing style he brought himself down to scratch by sheer force of the rigid application he could always display in what interested him. Round his private course at Foxcombe, laid out on principles evolved by himself but certainly entirely novel in golf and with a particularly impossible first hole known as Pa's Perks, he was almost unbeatable. As a foursomes partner at Montana, in Switzerland, at Westward Ho! or North Berwick or Huntercombe he was always good value. He was at Foxcombe during the last war when he succeeded Lord Fitzhardinge at Berkeley Castle and found it glorious to the eye, but lacking in certain amenities within. Ringing a particular bell involved the servant who answered it in a walk of a quarter of a mile. I remember only one bathroom. A tin bath in one's bedroom and water carried great distances was the general rule. Lighting was somewhat primitive. The furniture and decorations were often incongruous. Much that was beautiful, and more that was interesting was covered over. It was apparent on every hand that pursuit of the fox had been the main interest of those who had lived at the Castle and had left little time for the æsthetic, which my dictionary defines as that pertaining to the science and perception of the beautiful.

Here was something which fired Lord Berkeley's imagination. Arrangements were put in hand for selling the Berkeley Square property, Foxcombe was evacuated, research was put on a care and maintenance basis, golf went into cold storage, the restoration and beautifying of Berkeley Castle became the master passion and to it all the powers of a fine brain and a forcible energy were applied. Again I am not competent to pass an informed opinion on the result. I gather that Lord Berkeley, being Lord Berkeley, inevitably went his own way in certain matters and departed from some of the strict canons which should govern a work of restoration. I can only say that to be with him as he began the work, to follow his mind as he bent it on one problem after another, to assist him in experimenting with one treatment after another, to

visit the antique dealers in search of the only thing which would satisfy him and watch him discarding what might nearly approach it but was not it, all this was real delight. If there are mistakes in what he did, then there are, but in the end he produced something of great beauty, and Berkeley Castle stands as a memorial to his taste, his sense of perfection and to that capacity for taking pains which is akin to genius, if it is not genius itself.

The fox was not entirely forgotten while all this was going on. Lord Berkeley took over the Mastership of the Earl of Berkeley's Foxhounds, and brought to hunting the same assiduity which he displayed in restoration and research. There is a magnificent portrait of him by Orpen in the yellow uniform of the Hunt. If he did not make any important contribution to the science of foxhunting he at least achieved one record in being able to write the unique combination of F.R.S. and M.F.H. after his name. He was a good shot and at times showed signs of yielding to the lure of dry-fly fishing.

He began his career in the Navy and always retained an affection for his old profession. It gave him great pleasure to visit one of our ships at Rosyth during the last war where he was always welcome in the wardroom. It never required much imagination to see him in an admiral's uniform, but I think he might have been something of a terror had his ambitions led him that way.

With all his gifts and interests he was almost above everything a great nobleman, full of dignity and natural pride. In his bearing and manner he was most courteous, and, to his friends, full of charm.

I am sure that many of those friends will



THE EIGHTH EARL OF BERKELEY, F.R.S.

A portrait by Sir William Orpen

remember at this time his stepdaughter, Miss Sybil Jackson, who, as his hostess, made visits to Foxcombe and Berkeley Castle a delightful memory, not least by the gift of her most beautiful voice and rare feeling for music.

It is sad to think of such an old peerage becoming extinct and that that handsome figure sitting, as he loved to do, by the fire after dinner at Foxcombe or Berkeley, with those he was fond of round him, a book in his hand and his dog by his feet, was the last of a line which is part of the history of England.

R. F.

THE COLOUR OF SNOW

By W. K. HOLMES

OF course snow is white, which means colourless," is the casual, prosaic decision on this subject. The disgusted, damp, chilly and inconvenient city-dweller's vision is of a substance varying in hue and consistency between that of moist brown sugar and dirty dish-water.

Even the countryman is inclined to be satisfied to think of snow as supplying the negation of all colours, making at the best a beautiful background for forms and positive hues. But the man who, in however amateur and untrained a fashion, starts trying to paint a sunlit snowscape, discovers very soon that there is something wrong unless his snow is given a tinge of blue, to begin with; he learns also that every shadow upon it must be a blue of considerable strength.

Snow is absolutely white when new-fallen and lying under a clouded sky. On a mist-shrouded mountain it can, under certain conditions, offer the vision of a sheer blank which is bewildering in the highest degree, and which has been stated by some Arctic explorers to be a more likely cause of snow-blindness than any blaze of reflected sunshine. In the wan light, too pale to cast any shadows, the snow surface reveals no contours; the baffled eye has no help in judging its undulations, and each step forward is a guess as to the level. His advanced foot must discover, as he makes his way across

one of those curious wave-formations created by wind-driven snow, the height of the next step. The mist and the snow blend; there is no visible boundary between hillside and drifting vapour; the dead, harshly-contrasting black of a projecting rock alone satisfies the eye that it is guiding its owner upon the solid earth.

The mountaineer who knows snow under those conditions is unlucky indeed if he has not seen it also frozen hard and blazing under a blue sky and triumphant sun. Then he realises that a fitting answer to the question, "What colour is snow?" would be "Every colour at once." Yet those colours can no more be adequately rendered by art than can the flash of gems, for they too are flashes, sparkles from the facets of myriads of crystals—"filigree petals"—catching, dividing, reflecting, the sun's glory.

As he walks along a drift high above the contamination of even the purest valley-air, he sees all round a dazzle of fire-bright jewel-tins, as vivid as they are microscopically small; the snow is alive with coloured brilliance. Every shadow is of a blue for which there is no name worthy to do justice to its intensity and luminous purity; it lies under the wave-curved edge of the cornice; it brims the walker's every footmark so that even his lonely track adds a beauty to the solitude he has invaded. Snow, then, is colourless only in the sense that a diamond is colourless.

Seen from afar, snow-covered mountains rose-tinted, even crimson, at dawn or sunset, have inspired many an artist in words or on canvas; they present indeed a superb spectacle, but to be upon a summit, with that flush upon close-neighbouring peaks, and to look down into the valleys darkening to night, is an experience which leaves in the memory an even more enduring picture.

And there is no need to seek it among the Alps or the Himalayas. Linger once after sunset upon Ben lme, only just above the 3,000-foot level, I might have been in another world, so strange was the appearance of the heights around in contrast to the deep, twilight glades and valleys below. The lower slopes were clear of all but streaks and patches of snow and faded into nothingness, but the surface of the loam at their feet, transforming the zenith's reflected afterglow, showed as a sombre, uncanny, greenish silver. A slender moon bewitched familiar things as I descended, deceiving the eye and seeking to betray the foot. Slopes and gullies were all the darker by contrast with the warm flush upon the snowy tops I had left to the strengthening light of moon and stars.

The appearance of deep, hard-frozen expanses of snow under the icy brilliance of a

full moon is satisfactory evidence that snow cannot be considered in terms of colour alone; for it is the result of reflected light—it is indeed light itself. Valleys, no matter how clear their atmosphere may seem to be from their own level, are seen by one looking down into them to be almost always under a haze. At night it shows dense enough to produce for him the illusion that his hill is an island rising from a silent, ghostly ocean; and he knows that without climbing he could never have seen the snow as he sees it around him then, mysterious, wonderful, eerie under that frigid illumination of the dead moon's borrowed light. It has colour, that high moonlit snow, only in the sense that phosphorescence has colour; phosphorescence is indeed what it suggests—and under the moon its shadows are no longer blue, but black. The sun by day has softened the snow surface, however slightly, and, freezing afresh with the approach of night, it has assumed a glaze of ice, so that distant slopes gleam with a polish that is tinged like mother-of-pearl.

Conditions to produce such effects and simultaneously to permit any human eye to enjoy them, are not common. If the lower snow is deep and soft, it may well provide an impassable barrier to the aspirant. What he must have, and seldom is granted, is a full moon in a cloud-

less sky, and a deep covering of snow with a hard surface even on the level.

So rarely do these essentials synchronize that the occasions when they do so are memorable indeed.

From my own most fortunate high-level, nocturnal ramble, I recall one trivial feature with particular interest, because it may be accepted as throwing a light on the character of that most gallant mountaineer, the "blue" hare, which, in winter, wears the livery of his lovely, lonely habitat. On the snow-buttress reared against the side of my conquered cairn there was the track of a hare, right to the tip. The mountain summit was not high enough for him, with a higher point accessible; urged by curiosity, vigilance—or perhaps pure ecstasy and *joie de vivre*—he had bounded up the few possible extra feet.

Remote indeed are scenes such as his elevation commanded from the spectacle of snow in towns! Trodden in the murky canyons of the streets, it is degraded into a hated mess which cannot be got out of sight too quickly. The mountain-lover, knowing it in its proper place and the splendour that it really is, wishes it might never appear where it is destined to be so mis-judged, and where it must assume the drab tone of its surroundings!

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NEW FOREST PONY

From Sir Berkeley Pigott, Bt.

SIR,—From reading Major Jarvis's notes in your issue of January 30, it would appear that he is ignorant of the fact that all rough pasture should be grazed by horses as well as cattle. All through the long winter months the New Forest ponies are consuming the old rough grass, so that in the spring it will grow fresh and green for the cattle.

I have a shrewd suspicion that the gallant Major's dislike of our ponies originates from his finding them in his garden through omitting to shut his gate—a small precaution to have to take when compared with the advantages of living within a few yards of England's finest open space.—BERKELEY PIGOTT, Hon. Sec., New Forest Cattle and Pony Society, Brook Farm, Shobley, Ringwood.

"SPLENDID LITTLE SERVANTS"

SIR,—I notice that your correspondent "New Forest Farmer" writes with some bitterness in regard to the damage done to crops by the Forest ponies, urges that they serve no useful purpose, and that they are a hindrance to food production. I understand, however, that for very many months past the price of the New Forest pony has increased considerably, at least, I should say, by 100 per cent., and therefore, presumably the pony is serving a useful purpose. Ponies and cattle always show a tendency to break into land which is not properly enclosed—there is nothing new about this, and this state of affairs is found not only in the Forest, but on Dartmoor and Exmoor. If this trouble is the cause of the "hindrance to food production" to which "New Forest Farmer" refers, it must, I feel, be small.

We must, however, deal with the effect the Forest pony will have upon this very large acreage now being laid down to grass and indeed according to present intentions it is a very big scheme indeed, and it is obvious this acreage would not be enclosed, and therefore the ponies will, I suppose, have access to it more or less unhindered. I am not a farmer, but am I not right in thinking that horses and cattle make very good grazing companions? That is to say, to a large extent what the cattle do not eat the horses will, and vice versa, and if this argument is sound, it certainly does not follow that every mouthful eaten by ponies on this "new land" will be taken from the mouths of the cattle.

In pleading the case for the New Forest pony we must not lose sight of the fact that the primary object of this Agricultural Committee scheme is to feed the cattle to feed the public, obviously a project of vital national importance. We must admit that the New Forest pony does a certain amount of damage, and those with arable land and gardens, not properly fenced, must, as they always have done, suffer for their neglect.

When this new grassland comes into use, if it proves a success, and it is found that the ponies are really eating grass which would otherwise be turned into butcher's meat, then they must be reduced in number, just as all those animals and birds which do damage to stock and crops, such as deer, foxes, badgers, rats, crows, starlings and so on, are constantly having their numbers reduced.

The nation's food must be preserved and its volume increased, but by no manner of means can I see that a case has been made out for the destruction of the New Forest pony which Major Jarvis, I think unfairly and unkindly, described "as one of the finest and most successful ramps ever worked in a Christian country."

Surely the right to feed Forest ponies which has been held by so many for so long is not "a successful ramp," and the pony itself has always played its part in this country as the servant of man in both his business and his

pleasure. Countless thousands of small traders and costermongers have earned their livings with his help and thousands of children have derived health and pleasure and mental education while on his back. I protest most strongly to Major Jarvis that he should describe these splendid little servants as "quite useless little ponies." They are nothing of the sort.

There is, however, another point in "New Forest Farmer's" letter to which I should like to call attention. The writer remarks that when the war is over he doubts the continuance "of the expensive hobby of horsemanship." The hobby of horsemanship can certainly be very expensive but it can, too, certainly be very inexpensive. There are large numbers of people in the country now who keep a "native" pony almost entirely grass-fed and kept out all the year round, and under these conditions riding becomes a very inexpensive pleasure. It is not for me flatly to contradict "New Forest Farmer" when he suggests that horsemanship, by which I expect he means riding, will be a thing of the past after the war, but I and others, who perhaps are in a somewhat more favourable position than some to judge of this, have not the slightest doubt that riding will flourish after the war just as before and will continue in the lifetime of this and generations to come.

It is easy for pessimists to declare the doom of the horse, but what single practical ground have they for such a suggestion? Whatever your correspondent may say to the detriment of the New Forest pony he is, on account of his kindly disposition, and the fact that he is very narrow between the knees, an ideal child's pony. He is a constant winner in our show-rings and in consequence a good Forest pony will always command a good price.—R. S. SUMMERHAYS, Editor, "Riding."

A COAT OF ARMS AT LANGLEYS

From Lord Hastings

SIR,—I have just been reading Mr. Hussey's delightful second article on Langleys (COUNTRY LIFE, January 16).

The unidentified coat mentioned on page 114 would seem to be a close variant of Wodehouse (Earls of Kimberley)—a coat very familiar to me in the ceilings of this house, though, of course, that difference may be sufficient to discount the value of the clue.—HASTINGS, West Melton Constable, Norfolk.

[This is an interesting identification, but the Everard pedigree shows no connection with the Wodehouses, at least, so direct as to account for the coat's frequent repetition on the ceiling, both by itself and impaling Everard, indicating marriage by the heir.—ED.]

AT WELLS

SIR,—This is Beckington's Well-house, in the gardens of the Bishop's Palace at Wells, built over the springs which gave the city its name. In the fifteenth century Bishop Beckington made a grant of this water to the town, and so it has run in the streets since.—OBSERVER, Stroud.

IRON SALVAGE IN THE COUNTRY

SIR,—Is it possible that in our eagerness to serve the country, we are losing sight of some balance to be struck between sacrifice and resultant advantage? Our local authority has posted up a list of iron fencing which will scarcely fill one lorry, yet nine cottage gardens are scheduled to lose their pretty wicket gates and little front railings. This is flimsy ironwork, of pleasant Georgian character, soldered on to dwarf walls. A fortnight is allowed for appeal, but the patriotic "occupiers" seem to be rather gratified by this opportunity of giving



BISHOP BECKINGTON'S WELL-HOUSE
(See letter "At Wells.")

to the collection. I may be able to ransom one cottage belonging to me by offering my own ugly big gate. Modern carriage drive gates of heavier weight are not listed here for removal nor ordinary iron rail fencing, and there are miles of iron fencing along our widened roads. It is true that the adjacent fields could not be left unfenced, but it would be possible to extract a few thousand tons of bars, and yet leave sufficient uprights to support wire netting.—H. B. HEALIS, *Castle Cottage, Ambleside.*

THE GREAT BUSTARD

From the Duke of Bedford

SIR,—The great bustard is an unpromising subject for domestication. It does not thrive particularly well in confinement; is rather apt to break its very brittle bones in sudden panic, and is a very shy breeder; indeed, I think there is no record of young

to you how our peasant cultivators resorted to charms to ward off "poothams" or goblins which were supposed to spirit away the grain.

Here is another charm, called arakku, which is buried right in the middle of the threshing floor to terrify or propitiate evil monsters which may enter, unobserved, to cause damage.

The charm consists in burying (among other things, like vegetables and silver) a piece of iron, a bottle of arrack (distilled and fermented coconut wine) and a betel leaf or two with areca nuts—all seen in the foreground.

A bow and arrow, as can be seen in the picture, are also often stuck up to frighten the unseen marauders. Even after the threshing has taken place, and the grain is being collected in big baskets to be transported for sale, the "esims" or flags, with incantations written on them and planted on the grain heap to prevent goblins stealing, are much in evidence.

And both as a charm and to mark the place where the arakku is buried, one can see on the grain heap an inverted chank or any other shell.—S. V. O. SOMANADER, *Batticaloa, Ceylon.*



THE GRAVE OF SCIPIO AFRICANUS AT HENBURY

(See letter "Slave's Grave")

successfully reared. The hen, moreover, even in a wild state, does not lay more than three or four eggs in a season.—BEDFORD, *Cairnsmore, Newton Stewart, Wigtownshire.*

PRACTICES IN CEYLON'S AGRICULTURE

SIR,—Agricultural practices in the Ceylon countryside are very interesting, especially when they are based on superstition. Some time ago I wrote

21 December, 1720, Aged 18 years. I who was born a PAGAN and a SLAVE, Now sweetly sleep a CHRISTIAN in my grave. What though my hue was dark my SAVIOR'S Sight Shall change this darkness into radiant light. Such grace to me my Lord on earth hath given, To recommend me to my Lord in Heaven,



MAKING ARAKKU, A CHARM TO FRIGHTEN EVIL SPIRITS FROM THE GRAIN

(See letter "Practices in Ceylon's Agriculture")

Whose glorious second coming here I wait With saints and angels . . . (illegible)

The dark cherub faces on the stones are particularly interesting.—F. R. WINSTONE, *Bristol.*

COCK-SPUR MAKERS

From Sir Ambrose Heal.

SIR,—In two recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE, correspondents have referred to Samuel Toulmin, in the Strand, as a famous maker of silver cock-spurs, but it is evident that he was also a clock-maker. I have a trade card in my collection which reads:

Samuel Toulmin, watch and clock maker, at the Dial, in Burleigh street, near Exeter Change, in the Strand.

Britten in his *Old Clocks and Watches* (fifth edition), gives "Samuel Toulmin at No. 27, Strand 1765-83," and in another entry, "Samuel Toulmin, London, c. 1745," and also in 1759. Baillie's *Watch-maker & Clockmakers* mentions only "Samuel Toulmin, London (Strand) 1760-1783." These dates correspond with the extent of his entries in the London Directories, the later issues of which give his address as No. 28 Strand. In all cases he is described as a watch and clock-maker. No mention is made of his being a maker of cock-spurs.

In the text of the label attached to the case of cock-spurs described by Mr. Oates in your issue of October 31, the address is given as "at the Dial and Crown near Hungerford Market in the Strand," where "all sorts of watches and clocks are made by Samuel Toulmin." Judging from the styles of engraving of the two labels, it would appear that Burleigh Street was the earlier address.

Among the names of silver cock-spur makers mentioned by Mr. Adair Dighton in your issue of January 2 is that of "I. Moore," so called by Capt. L. Fitz-Barnard in his book, *Fighting Sports*. His address is there given as "at the Hand and Spur, Poland Street." I am able to show a photograph of a trade card which gives his full name, John Moore, but at a different address: "At the Hand and Spur, near Exeter Exchange in the Strand." He appears to have been a cutler who specialised in spur-making. "My Silver Spurs and Cock Spurs are marked with the two first letters of my Name, and all my Steel Spurs



A COCK-SPUR MAKER'S TRADE CARD (See letter "Cock-Spur Makers")

with my Sir Name at length." I should judge the date of this card as c. 1760.—AMBROSE HEAL, *Baylin's Farm, Knotty Green, Beaconsfield.*

VIRTUOUS FOLLIES

SIR,—I was interested in your remarks about "follies" and the public's attitude towards them. In addition to the mis-called follies which enhance the view, there are others built for equally laudable reasons. York's "Folly," a sham ruin visible on the skyline from Patley Bridge, Nidderdale, was actually built to provide work for local workmen during a period of industrial depression.

Incidentally, and in relation to sham ruins, I wonder how many travellers passing through Hunmanby, on the East Yorkshire coast, have observed the "old" arch near the line-side just south of that place? Even those who have noticed it have probably been hoodwinked into the belief that this arch is ancient, whereas in reality it is quite a modern feature, compared with true ruins of the same type. I enclose photographs of both these erections.—A. TURNER, *London, W.C.1.*

WILTSHIRE WORDS

SIR,—Are the following words especially Wiltshire? No one else seems to



YORK'S BENEFICENT FOLLY NEAR PATELY BRIDGE

THE SHAM-ANCIENT ARCH AT HUNMANBY

(See letter "Virtuous Follies")

have heard of them. Plocks—logs; shrammed—cold; burn-brake—bonfire.—A., *Weeke, Winchester.*

SOME PAPER SALVAGE PROBLEMS

SIR,—Taking meals lately in London restaurants, I have been struck by what appears to be great extravagance in the use of paper caused by the system by which the waiters and waitresses work. In a chain of restaurants where many thousands of people feed every day two sheets of paper, about, I should think, 7 ins. by 3 ins., are used for every order—one with perforations, for passing to the kitchen and the other for presenting to the customer. One can well imagine that this method provides the perfect system of "double-entry," but could it not be modified in wartime when the need to conserve paper for munitions is so urgent?

Also could not the size of theatre tickets be reduced, or tear-off slips be used instead? Many of them measure 4 in. by 2½ ins., and thousands are used daily in the West End of London alone.—L. McL., *Blackheath, S.E.3.*

THE TY-TWO POSTERS

SIR,—Many of your readers in their zeal for their country must have given, to the salvage, papers and books with which it has been a real sacrifice to part. I wonder how they feel about it when they happen to pass through the theatre-land and see, as I did the other day, thirty-two posters, pasted up, or on boards leaning against its walls, advertising the entertainment in one theatre with an additional two posters devoted to the production next door. Next door, with more moderation, showed twenty-eight with one as a *quid pro quo* for the next theatre. As a playwright myself and the keenest lover of the stage, I would not put even a pebble, far less a stumbling block, in the way of the acting profession, which is doing so much to entertain our service men and women and to keep up the spirits of the general public, but surely anyone who wishes to go to a play would be as likely to choose it from one poster as from thirty assembled in the same place, or, say, from three, one for each side of the building. As these and similar theatrical poster displays have been going on for some time, I can only assume that they are within the regulations.—SPOT-LIGHT, *Torquay.*

A FRIENDLY NUTHATCH

SIR,—Your readers who seem to be interested in the small wild birds may like this photograph which shows a nuthatch that used to come regularly to a bird-table fixed just outside a first-floor window. I often used to sit quite close to the open window, but this did not worry the bird at all.

I used to fix monkey nuts in the

slit of a small bough, and if he could get them out whole he would do so. Otherwise he would chisel them open. Eventually he became so tame that he took a nut from my hand.

If, by chance, a nut fell, he dashed after it with amazing speed and caught it before it reached the ground.—JOHN H. VICKERS, *Hinksey Hill, Oxford.*

A PLOUGH OF ANTIQUITY

SIR,—We are so much interested in the ceremonies of Plough Monday that I venture to send you a photograph of the Virgilian plough that is used in many parts of Italy to-day. The *contadini* prefer these simple ploughs to more modern implements, finding that they still suit their particular kind of tillage so frequent in vineyards and orchards. The *contadini* ought to know, for their forbears have often tilled that same earth for hundreds of years.

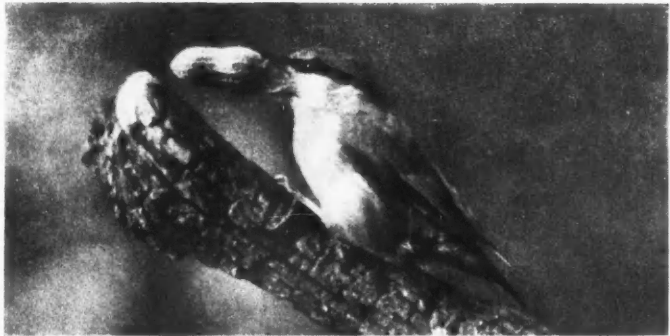
Here is the true Virgilian plough, of wood shod with iron which probably differs very little from that with which Romulus marked out the first Rome seven hundred years before Christ.

The subject of the plough, so high in national importance now, is full of romance in its classical tradition. My memory, alas, is weak, and my Rhoades translation of Virgil's beautiful Georgics is elsewhere, but the enclosed photograph, taken in Tuscany a few years ago, illustrates exactly the lines from, I think, the Third Georgic,

*Ply up and down
Your labouring bullocks through the
vineyard's midst.*

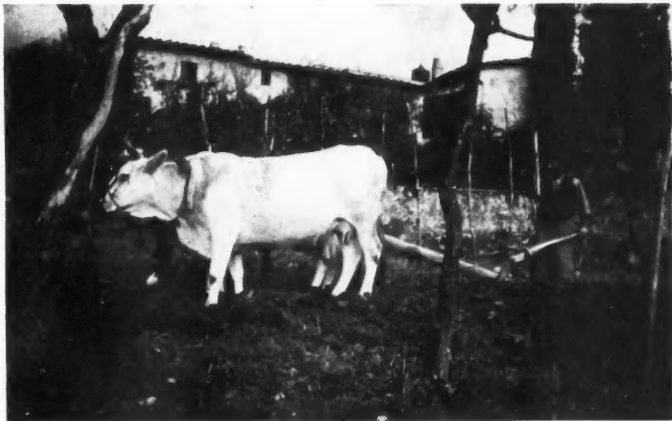
My only regret is that the picture does not show more plainly how the "hooked ploughshare turns the soil."

I seem to remember that a friend, a large landowner in Kent, told me many years ago that the first ploughs in Britain had been introduced by the



THE NUTHATCH HELPS HIMSELF

(See letter "A Friendly Nuthatch")



THE VIRGILIAN PLOUGH

(See letter "A Plough of Antiquity")



WHERE CLOTH-STEALERS IN HALIFAX WERE EXECUTED

(See letter "An Old-Time Black Market")

conquering Romans.—DOROTHY HAMILTON DEAN, *The Hollies, Buckfastleigh, S. Devon.*

A QUEER CASTLE

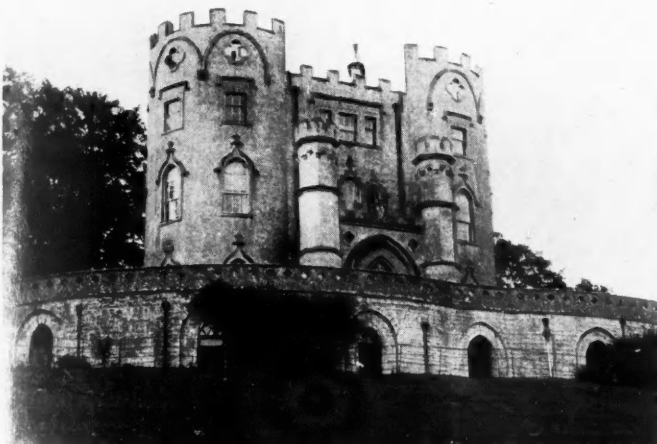
SIR,—At Midford, near Bath, there is a strange castle of the shape of the Ace of Clubs. There must be an interesting story attaching to this queer-shaped building, and I shall be glad if any reader of COUNTRY LIFE can tell it to me.—V. C., *Somerset.*

[Midford Castle in local tradition is said to have been built by a certain Captain Roebuck from the proceeds of a stroke of luck at cards when the ace of clubs turned up at a crucial moment. To commemorate the fact the plan of the Castle was in the shape of the Ace of Clubs: the later addition of a private chapel somewhat altered it. At the same time it must be admitted that proof of the story

is not forthcoming. Tunstall's *Rambles Around Bath* (1875) merely refers to its "singular construction, being triangular and having its corners rounded off and embattled." The *Bath Guide* (1845) refers to Midford Castle as "an elegant embattled Gothic structure" again built on a "most singular plan." Perhaps some reader of COUNTRY LIFE may have come across a reference to the house which would decide the question as to whether it was built like a Club or built first and likened to one afterwards.—ED.]

AN OLD-TIME BLACK MARKET

SIR,—The illicit sale of commodities which are now known to be "in short supply," or should be sold only under rationing regulations, has caused the phrase "black market" to be coined, but the present war is not the only time in our history in which severe penalties have been imposed upon those who break the laws of the country in this way. Three hundred years ago there was a "black market" in the district around Halifax, in Yorkshire, for the locally made cloth, and so troublesome did the thefts become to the manufacturers that they instituted what has come to be known as Gibbet Law, getting powers to execute thieves by an instrument similar to but preceding the French guillotine. In Halifax there is still Gibbet Lane, and behind the offices of a Corporation department some years ago was found the platform on which the gibbet was erected. The original blade is now in a museum at Wakefield. Under Gibbet Law the penalty of death could be imposed on anyone found guilty of stealing cloth to the value of 13½d., and there were many executions on the site shown in the photograph herewith. Eventually public opinion won the day and in 1650 there came an end to this terrible practice, owing to a threat of a local rising. Thus democracy won even in those far-away days.—G. C., *Keighley.*



THE STRANGELY-PLANNED CASTLE AT MIDFORD

(See letter "A Queer Castle")

DAVID, THE HUNTSMAN

By LIONEL EDWARDS

AS he is a Welshman, I need hardly say that David's surname is Jones although few of us remember the fact, for he has been David to this countryside for more years than we care to remember.

His early days are "wrapt in mystery" to all but a few. The (most unorthodox) facts are these: David is no scion of any family famous in Hunt service, such as the Goodalls, Morgans, Maidens, Freemans, Backs, Goddens or Molyneux. He is the son of a gamekeeper, and his first recorded appearance is as dog-boy to the squire's shooting-dogs. Later he became an under-keeper, and his actual rise to the position of huntsman is, I should think, unique. Dogs were, and still are, his abiding passion, and it is to this infatuation that he owes his well-merited position. It is a further example of the truth of the saying that there are but two prime necessities in a huntsman—patience and a love of foxhounds.

ENTRY INTO HUNT SERVICE

His first entry into Hunt service was from shooting-dogs to under-kennelman at the Hunt kennels. The squire kept a small pack of cross-bred Welsh foxhounds to hunt the mountains behind his house. On the death of the old huntsman, he obtained a first whip from a south-country pack to act as huntsman, but the latter was so unnerved by the appalling hillsides over which he was expected to gallop that he sacked himself. An advertisement in the sporting Press produced a sensation similar to that which followed Mr. Jorrocks's special advertisement in that gossiping publication the *Paul Pry of Handley Cross*, which caused Diana Lodge to be besieged by all sorts and conditions of men who had only one thing in common—"they all spoke in the highest terms of themselves." In this case also there was not one among them who could fill the place. Possibly this was why the squire interviewed his own kennel-boy, David, who had the temerity to apply for the job.

"What do you know about hunting hounds?" the squire snorted.

"Nothing, sir, but I can try, and, look you, I know both the country and the peoples,"



"WHAT DO YOU FEED THEM ON?" "FOXES," REPLIED DAVID

replied David, becoming very Welsh, as he always did (and still does) when excited.

"But you can't even ride," said the squire.

"No, indeed, but I can learn whatever!"

Thus it came about that a kennel-boy became a huntsman.

David showed a lot of sport in those wild Welsh hills. Hunting, as in the days of our ancestors, consists of working up to a fox on the drag of his night's wanderings to fresh find him in the heather on the high tops. Most runs in the hills end "to ground." Consequently digging operations were the *finale* as a general rule, so much so that, when asked

by a representative of the local Press which were his best hounds, David truthfully replied "Pick and Shovel," and again, on being asked what he fed his hounds on, replied "Foxes."

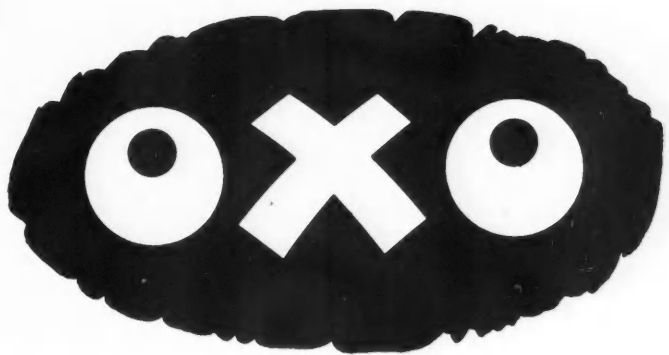
David's schooling was not such as to recommend itself, and when, after some three or four seasons, the squire died it looked as if David might be "out" altogether, but his luck held and he got a First Whip and K.H.'s job under a gifted amateur huntsman. This observant man taught him quite a lot of useful knowledge, particularly the things which he had missed by not going through the usual mill of Hunt service—manners, for example—not



ONE OF DAVID'S "GOING" DAYS. "It has to be a very big drop on the far side to make him hesitate"



*A Good Drink
at ALL Times*



JUST ADD HOT WATER

his strong point in early days, I have been told.

Many stories are always foisted on to a "character." One is to the effect (in those remote hills they were not used to strangers) that, exasperated by a woman who rode on his tail all day, David blurted out at a check: "If anyone owns this woman, will he please take her home!"

Before I pass on from his hunting days in his own country of Wales I must include a story David tells about himself. The depot of the county regiment gave an invitation meet to a pack of foot beagles. David, of course, would not miss any sporting event and attended as a spectator. The cry of the jelly dogs was, however, so grand that he joined in the chase and tried to run after hounds as hard as he usually rode to them. Being always pretty fit, he was one of the foremost, and, scrambling over a bank into a field in which a Welsh hill farmer (who knew him well) was ploughing, he was greeted with, "Well, indeed now, Mr. Jones, what has become of your 'oss?" The astonished farmer had never seen hunting on foot before.

A HUNTSMAN'S JOB

David was, I think, five seasons with the gifted amateur, and, on his recommendation, next got the job of huntsman to one of the better-known provincial packs. They sharpened him up no end, and, although probably they didn't improve his fox-catching, at any rate they taught him to look smart, to go straight and to hold his tongue.

During this period with a rich master, who happened also to be a good judge of a horse, David was undoubtedly superbly mounted, and he is the only huntsman I have come across who readily admitted this fact. When sitting for his portrait (to be included in a presentation picture to the Master) he replied to the artist's query about his favourite horse by saying, "I am, sir, in the fortunate position of not knowing which really is my favourite horse."

There is little doubt that this period was the peak of David's career, and, although nowadays in speaking to his underlings he is a little apt to bring in, "When I was huntsman to the Blankshire we did so-and-so," yet I think he enjoys it in retrospect more than he did at the time. To one of his temperament hounds come before horses, and it undoubtedly went against the grain merely to provide gallops for impatient horsemen.

Nevertheless he remained some years, until, in fact, the inevitable hour when those keen people said that he was getting "too slow for words." If he made a bad cast (frequently caused by hounds being over-ridden) they grumbled that he couldn't catch foxes.

At a check they would criticise his casts, to the annoyance of both master and man. One day his exasperated M.F.H. asked:

"Do you know where your fox is?"

"No, sir," replied David.

"That's unfortunate, as apparently every one of these damn fools behind thinks he does," snapped the M.F.H.

HIGH PRAISE

When David brought off a fast hunt, some young ass would say: "We had a great hunt and killed our fox. As for our huntsman, he might have been in bed." This is really the highest praise that can be given to a huntsman (*vide* Lord Henry Bentinck). But when a field start throwing their tongues, nothing pleases them. Lord Willoughby de Broke once said, "Criticism, good or bad, has to be accepted: or the box-office suffers." And this self-evident fact causes many resignations of Masters and changes of staff.

On leaving, David was "out" for one season, and probably it was that which decided him to come to us as huntsman. Our country, being full of woods and wire, is not everyone's money. There are, however, sufficient foxes and small fields, which suits David, who is a shrewd old boy, extremely popular with all classes, and even the gamekeepers like him.

At a keepers' dinner he loves to tell this tale against himself. He had a bad day, with little scent, and was drawing a covert which had a bad reputation. Knowing this, he was trotting slowly through, taking little trouble

to draw, and with most of the pack at his horse's heels. Then he met the keeper. "Not many foxes 'ere, keeper?" he asked. To which the keeper laconically replied, "If there was you wouldn't find 'em in the middle of the rides."

Another story he likes to tell is about a letter he received from a farmer's wife demanding compensation, as one of his puppies at walk had eaten her pony's collar. To which he replied: "Madam, I am extremely sorry to hear the puppy has eaten your pony's collar, but I am also thankful for the Master's sake (who will doubtless pay compensation) that the pony wasn't in it!"

David has very definite theories (not all of them quite orthodox). He prefers a dash of Welsh or Fell blood in his pack. Also he is very averse from punishment of hounds, maintaining that puppies can easily be spoilt by rating. In covert he will not have them stopped off deer, for, being an observant old boy, he has noticed that foxes frequently run the same line as deer and leave cover by the same exits. Once outside he quickly makes up his mind by the behaviour of his old hounds, whether it is fox or not. His argument, roughly speaking, is that it is better that they should do wrong than that they should be punished for doing right.

Of course, some people "crab" David. They say he doesn't make enough noise in our big and not too well foxed woodlands. But the fact remains that the silent system works, for he kills more foxes than his predecessors by getting away on their backs instead of hitting

off a stale line after the fox has gone on, disturbed by the distant horn. Occasionally, of course, the field gets left, but no huntsman should be blamed for this (although they often are).

David has, like Maltum in Parvo (Mr. Sponge's famous horse), his "going" days. On others he prefers someone else to go first. But on the whole he still "goes" well, and indeed at times takes a lot of stopping, his experience in the Welsh hills having taught him to take on some very queer obstacles. In particular it has to be a very big drop on the far side to make him hesitate. Probably his greatest charm as a huntsman is that, although rather silent when drawing, he is a cheery chap to hunt with and seldom gets rattled, and when he gets going—"lit up," he calls it—he infects others with his excitement and great enthusiasm.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him is his endurance. Unlike so many huntsmen, he never makes "a scientific cast towards kennels" in the afternoon, but always wants to go on while light remains, sometimes to the annoyance of our Master, who doesn't like to check enthusiasm but wants to go home.

One night as we turned our horses we faced a darkening sky with but a faint primrose path way along the horizon in the west. In the valley below lights, one by one, lit up the cottage windows, and from the gathering darkness behind us we heard the receding cry of hounds and a faint voice in the distance which still cried, "Hark to Whimsey—best bitch in Britain!"

THE ESTATE MARKET

AN ANCESTRAL SUSSEX SEAT

MR. JOHN PELHAM PAPILLON requested Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff to offer Crowhurst Park by auction this week, as was announced in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for February 6. In a foreword to the elaborate particulars Mr. Jackson Stops mentions that Turner chose Crowhurst Park as the viewpoint for his famous painting of Pevensey Bay. It is said that the Duke of Wellington wandered a while when the nation wished to present him with an estate, as to whether or not to pick Crowhurst Park. The house is five miles from Hastings and eight from Bexhill, in a park of 240 acres, and the farms bring up the total area to 930 acres. The present owner of Crowhurst Park is the great-grandson of Thomas Papillon, of Acrise Place in East Kent, who inherited the estate from his mother over 100 years ago.

Various branches of the Pelham family have for centuries been landowners in Sussex, and the Pelham Badge, awarded to John de Pelham for the part he played in the capture of the French King at the Battle of Poitiers in 1356, is a familiar object in the county, being inscribed on many churches, bridges and other old structures. By reason of its great height above sea level, Crowhurst Park has served as a point for the primitive system of beacon signalling, and it was the site of one of the Jubilee bonfires in 1887. The view from the house and park cannot be surpassed in the southern counties.

AGRICULTURAL OFFERS

AN April auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will deal with the late Mr. Clifford-Turner's Heathfield Park property, 868 acres, around Heathfield, including the renovated Queen Anne mansion, and some first-rate farms with potential value as building sites.

Dorset land, on the Stour, 230 acres chiefly pasture, yielding a rent of about £470 a year, may be bought through Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co., for £9,200. The Elizabethan farmhouse has been nicely modernised.

A residential and agricultural freehold, on the Wiltshire and Gloucester border, 270 acres with a sixteenth-century Cotswold house, is saleable with immediate possession for £14,000, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons.

Kentish freehold, 108 acres, with an exceedingly well-fitted residence, has the attraction, now that so much timber is being felled, of 90 acres of woodland. Messrs. Osborn and Mercer are the agents.

In the Whaddon Chase country is a freehold of 120 acres, comprising a luxuriously equipped house and a useful farm with dairy buildings, for which Messrs. Winkworth and Co. invite offers.

Offers by Messrs. Curtis and Henson include that of an Elizabethan house and 334 acres, in Dorset, with trout fishing, or the house might be taken with only 30 acres. There are nine cottages.

Up to 120 acres can be bought with one of the Surrey freeholds in Messrs. James Styles and

Whitlock's hands. They claim that from the property there is "not another house in sight." It faces south at an elevation of 300 feet.

Local auctions of farms have been fairly well attended in the last week or two, but there are indications that the edge of the appetite for many holdings has been blunted by uncertainty about tenures. Buyers preferred a free hand to what they now get under Defence Regulations. Even offers of farms with immediate entry do not make quite the same appeal as they did until Christmas.

Somerset holdings have just changed hands, at a Bath auction, for nearly £12,000, and a farm of 147 acres at Potters Bar realised £23,950 under the hammer at Barnet. In the latter instance the latent value for developments is important.

LARGE AREAS UNDER MANAGEMENT

REFERENCE was recently made in these notes to a firm which manages a large area of agricultural land, as well as urban property, on behalf of clients. A correspondent now enquires: "Which are the largest holders of real estate in this country whose interests are necessarily under management?"

It cannot be doubted that the Government now holds, either as owners or as controllers, under requisition and so forth, pre-eminence in that respect. Other noteworthy owners on the largest scale are the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the London County Council, and the Prudential Assurance Company. There is, however, considerable difference between such ownerships and those of clients of private firms of land agents, and the circumstances are not strictly comparable, any more than, for example, are the holdings of premises by the great Banks with those of ordinary individuals and companies.

The notable point about managements by private firms of land agents is that the properties, urban and rural, to a great extent, represent the policy of entrusting to agents the work of carrying on farms and business premises, and the development of building sites, on behalf of personal or corporate owners, whose concern it is to obtain an investment yield from the capital embarked in the properties, and to be free of the anxieties of detailed control of their holdings.

The "break-up" of estates and other changes notwithstanding, expert management on a very extensive scale still prevails, and a list before us enumerates about 800 firms of one or more partners who, for a single owner or miscellaneous interests, permanently administer real estate for clients, as part of their general practice which, in many cases, is that of London or country auctioneers and valuers. Most of these practitioners are members of one or both of the Chartered bodies, the Surveyors' Institution or the Land Agents' Society.

ARBITER.

ADVENTURES WITH BEARS

By E. C. STUART BAKER

SO much has been written about bears and bear-shooting that it is not easy to find anything new to write about them, but I think that in North Cachar, Assam, we discovered a method of shooting them which was both novel and far more exciting than any other. As with all big-game shooting it is not only the finding and killing of the animal which provides the fascination of the sport itself but the enjoyment of nature in the wild with all its beauty, its savagery and that subtle charm of expectancy and uncertainty it always holds. Fine sportsmen out of ten are nature-lovers, and often a day in which no shot has been fired may give as much delight as one in which a noble trophy has been added to one's possessions. Such a day may also leave many pleasant memories, and that, to an old man like myself, is perhaps the best of all. So it is with bear-shooting in almost whatever form it may take. Shooting off an elephant, however, is the one we may exclude from the list of sporting methods of getting bear, for the game is too unequal from the latter's point of view. Your elephant might bolt and the sportsman might get a rap from the overhanging branches and, indeed, might even be killed by such a knock, but it is not sport.

MIDNIGHT TRACKING

Tracking a bear, whose midnight wanderings have left footprints which one can follow, means hard work and intelligent tracking over country, probably beautiful, certainly interesting. Sitting up at night in a clump of Mowa trees, to which bears resort when the trees are in flower, will pass some hours of intense interest even if the bears do not come. To anyone, however experienced, an Indian night, watching for game, has so many attractions which never seem to pall. The rising moon makes a silhouette of the scene in front of one, topping the summits of the different hills with a soft glory and adding to the dark mystery lying down below them; the many night voices of birds, beasts and, above all, insects, never cease, and even the continuous croak of the frogs and shrilling of the *cicadae* have a certain music.

No night with Nature can be deemed ill spent, however unsuccessful it may turn out from the point of view of acquisition of trophies, which, fortunately, is to most sportsmen a very secondary consideration.

To many shooters the worst point about bear-shooting is that it is very seldom dangerous, for, though this animal can, and sometimes does, charge with a great deal of energy and anger, yet he can never go the pace of a tiger, and much less that of a leopard, while his pluck generally vanishes before he has charged far.

At the same time, though one may often be forced to laugh at a bear and his curious antics, it is never safe to despise him or treat him casually. He has very high ideas of his own beauty, bravery and wisdom, and much dislikes anything which, in his opinion, belittles these. In consequence he sometimes does things one would never have expected him to do and attacks without any real cause.

For many years I was stationed in a country where bears were numerous, and in many parts of it one could nearly always make sure of getting either a Sloth bear or a Himalayan Black bear, while the little Malayan Sun bear was not uncommon. So far as I was concerned bears were seldom sought and killed unless the larder had run low.

MOST SPORTING SHOOT

The most sporting kind of bear-shooting I ever got or probably could get anywhere, comprising some little danger with sufficient excitement, was over part of the north-west of my hill district in which the Khasias had at one time—many generations before my coming—carried for limestone, cutting open galleries parallel with one another, joined by small tunnels, anything from 10ft. to 50ft. in length. In addition to these tunnels there were in the side of the galleries caves large and small,

from which limestone had been taken, the caves afterwards being abandoned. Everywhere forest, bush and grass had overgrown these deserted quarries which formed a paradise for bears, with ample sleeping accommodation, while with their precipitous sides they formed safe retreats from almost any enemy.

The galleries were seldom as much as 10yds. across and, as the sides were steep and sometimes unclimbable, retreat was practically impossible and shooting had to be quick and accurate if one did not want to risk a mauling.

Our *modus operandi* was to wander up and down these galleries until our noses told us of the presence of a bear, or footprints showed us that he was at home in one of the many caves; at other times we would pick up tracks somewhere in the open, where the bear had been feeding the previous night, and follow these up to the cave which formed his home.

When we had found this the tracker would climb up a tree or on to the top of the steep bank, out of harm's way, leaving me to take up my position with my back to the side of the gallery opposite the cave. First, I would collect a small heap of stones beside me and then with one hand throw these into the cave, while I gripped my rifle with the other, trusting that a lucky shot with the stones would hit the bear and induce him to come out. Sometimes also the man on the cliff-top was in good view of the entrance to the cave and could hurl missiles into it and so help me. About two out of three times the stone-throwing was effective and, with angry roars, the bear would charge out. Sometimes, however, the cave twisted and turned so that no direct hit could be made, and then the bears would often refuse to budge and had to be left to their own devices, although we could hear them whining inside.

After I had lost an arm, if the tracker could not help me in chucking the stones, I had to place my weapon so that I could grasp it immediately the bear showed itself. With a little practice I found I could do this quite easily, and special caution always kept me out of serious trouble.

STRAIGHT FOR THE SHOOTER

When they did charge out the bears generally came straight for the shooter, who was so close to them that there was little room for them to get away either to the right or left and there was no alternative to charging. Sometimes, however, they tried to twist either to the right or left, exposing their broadsides to an easy shot. If possible, however, I always fired as they were emerging from the exit of their caves, when one had an unmissable shot at brain or chest. In most cases it was the latter, as the bear nearly always came out with head held high in the attempt, by sniffing about, to find out what had been annoying him.

It was only on very rare occasions that the first shot did not kill or cripple outright, but the second shot was always there for the *coup de grâce* if necessary. But two or three times I had rather narrow escapes from being mauled. This happened when there was more than one bear in the cave and I did not expect the second.

Once I had bowled over a bear, apparently killed outright, was walking up to examine it, ejecting the empty cartridge as I went when, just as I was putting in a new one, another bear, scrambling over the body of the dead one, charged out at me. Jumping back I tried to close the breech but failed for a second to do so. Pushing my back against the limestone cliff I tried to force my way up it backwards, but it was too steep and at once the bear was on me, moving and climbing faster than I could, though fortunately she had to hold on to the cliff face with all four of her legs and could not strike at me with her very efficient forepaws. As she reached me and seized my shin in her jaws I got the breech of my rifle to close and blew her brains out, escaping myself with a scrape down the shin bone.

On another similar occasion I was charged

by a second bear, which came out of another exit from the cave which I had not noticed, as it was overhung with dense creepers. This I shot through the brain all right, but she was so close to me that she bumped into me and we fell in a heap together. Fortunately she was so knocked out that she could neither claw nor bite.

A rather more amusing incident occurred on one of the very rare occasions when I had a friend shooting with me. This man, whom I will call Mr. A. for the purpose of this story, was new to big-game shooting and had never seen a wild bear. Accordingly, before introducing him to one which we had tracked from the open and located in a cave in one of these quarries we impressed upon him that he must not take his eye off the cave for a moment and that, as soon as there was something to fire at, he must let go at once and straight. It was of course agreed that he should have first shot.

This particular cave was in a quarry, or ravine, about 20ft. across, while the cliff at our backs was, we both agreed, quite unclimbable, even if we had not had our rifles.

"IMPOSSIBLE" CLIMB

Having taken up our positions with our backs literally to the wall and with the entrance to the cave facing us, we started the procedure of chucking stones into the mouth of the cave and, almost immediately, to the accompaniment of the usual tremendous noises, out charged a large bear. He almost filled the entrance and, after a moment's pause for Mr. A. to fire, I had to let drive and rolled the bear over back into the cave. Looking round to see why A. had not fired I found he had accomplished the impossible and was on the top of the cliff, though how he got there neither he nor I could ever explain.

He came down rather sheepishly and, as he did so, another bear made her appearance from the same cave; fortunately, instead of charging she turned sharply to her right and began scrambling up the opposite bank, much less steep than the one we had our backs to, A., still a little shaky from his breath-taking climb, let drive right and left and made two noble misses, though the bear was not 10yds. from him. He, however, frightened her into a yet further frantic attempt to escape and there was only just time for me to fire and hit her in the small ribs with a raking shot, causing her to turn turtle down the far side of the ridge, out of sight. Her groans ceased before we came on her and then we heard a thud as if she had fallen to the bottom of the ravine, and this we found was what had happened.

By leaning over a boulder at full length we could see the hind quarters of a bear, which could only have been the one we had fired at, sticking out from underneath a projecting rock, apparently dead. There was no reply to the stones we threw, hitting her several times, so we determined to investigate further. Over the body of the bear and also over the boulder we were perched on grew a large tree, one of the boughs of which hung down within reach of our hands as we examined the bear. Accordingly A. lay down on his chest with his rifle, watching the bear while I grasped the branch with both hands, intending to let it drop me to within reach of the bear for a lusty kick and then swing me back to safety on the rock.

DROPPED ON THE BEAR!

The launch into the air was successful, and the elastic branch dipped low enough to allow me to kick the bear well and hard. Alas! the return journey never came off as, when I kicked, my hands slid along the branch and I dropped gracefully on to the bear's rump.

Fortunately the bear was really dead, or a mauling would have been the result, for A. was laughing so much that he could never have helped me.

These stories are perhaps sufficient to show that, though they are often amusing, bears can yet, on rare occasions, be dangerous if tackled on anything like equal terms. Perhaps, also, it has been shown that to shoot them in the way we did in the Assam hills is the nearest one can get to giving them a fair chance while taking some little risk oneself.

FARMING NOTES

THE HOUSEHOLD COW

SO far, the producer-retailers of milk and their customers in the villages have been left to look after themselves. The producer-retailer has been allowed to retail all the milk produced by his cows and if he has been able to keep up his output this winter, his customers have not gone short of fresh milk. They have been luckier than their friends in the towns who have had a meagre ration of fresh milk and some dried milk and condensed milk. The country producer-retailer has now been required to make a return to the Ministry of Food showing the quantity of milk produced and retailed during the week ending January 17. With this information the Ministry is to devise some means of diverting some milk from country consumers to town consumers. It is quite impracticable to plan completely equitable distribution. There are many isolated villages and hamlets which could at a pinch spare some of their output, but the collection and transport of a few odd gallons of milk from thousands of farms all over the country would not be worth-while. We should soon hear tales of milk being wasted through sourage and absurdly long journeys being run by lorries to pick up a two-gallon can of milk. Nevertheless, it will be possible and economical to collect some small consignments of milk from villages on the main roads where one of the lorries collecting for a depot passes every morning, picking up milk from farmers who have wholesale contracts. So in some villages, at any rate, the housewife will have to manage with less fresh milk next winter, if not this winter.

THIS development will certainly make more country households think about the possibilities of keeping a cow or a couple of cows

for themselves. Cows are very dear to buy now. A young Jersey cow freshly calved may cost £50 or more, and there is always the practical problem of getting the cow milked morning and evening. One solution of the milking problem may be to get hold of a land girl. There are a good number of recruits available just now and if whole-time employment in food production can be found, there is no reason why the private individual should not apply to the Women's Land Army County Offices for a land girl. It is not quite good enough for a girl who has come forward for war service to put her on to tending flower beds and lawns, but nowadays most people with a garden and a paddock are devoting their land mainly to food production.

THE household cow is allowed a small ration of feeding stuffs. The coupons are got by application to the County War Agricultural Committee. Hay may be a difficulty, but it is always possible to buy some, even if the price is high. A small patch of kale or roots can be grown. To-day, after a bountiful growing season, mangels or other roots can be bought quite easily in most districts. The National Vegetable Marketing Company has 100,000 tons of surplus carrots for sale. These make excellent cow food. Dairy cows can be given up to 40 lb. of sliced carrots per head per day. They give a better colour to winter milk and, so the scientists tell us, raise its Vitamin A content. Carrots are also good food for pigs. They can be used up to one-fifth of the total ration and are best fed grated or shredded and mixed with the meal. There is no need to cook or steam them. Horses are very fond of carrots, too, and 20 lb. a head of washed and sliced carrots go well in their ration.

DARK mornings have caused many casualties among the cows going to and from milking. Motorists at that time of the morning are generally in a hurry to get somewhere, and if warning lights are not carried before and after the cows when they are on the road, it is not surprising that there are casualties. It is only fair to motorists that they should have some warning that cows are on the road. The farmer who does not take precautions would, I imagine, find it difficult to answer a charge of contributory negligence if an accident occurs and he makes a claim against a motorist for the loss of a valuable animal. So far as possible livestock should be kept off the roads during the hours of darkness and in foggy weather, but where the cows lie out at night they must in the winter be brought in for milking long before it is light.

* * *

THOSE of us who are growing more potatoes and sugar beet this year will need further additional hands during the summer. So far as the corn harvest is concerned, there will be more schoolboys available in August. The Ministry of Agriculture has asked Mr. Robert Hyde, the Director of the Industrial Welfare Society, to take the chair of a small committee of schoolmasters and representatives of the War Agricultural Committees to work out plans for an extension of schoolboy harvest camps this year. Such camps have been run most successfully in some districts for the past two years, but elsewhere difficulties over rations, payment to the boys in wet weather, and so on, have held up arrangements. Mr. Hyde knows all about the problems of boys' camps. He was the guiding spirit of the Duke of York's camp held regularly before the war. Anyone who has problems about schoolboy harvest camps should put them to the Secretary of the Harvest Camps Committee, Linden Hall Hydro, Bournemouth, and do so now so that all the difficulties can be met in good time.

CINCINNATUS.

1806 - 1942
PEDIGREE-QUALITY

More than a century and a quarter's experience has gone to the production of the best and most profitable varieties of Vegetables—and the most beautiful Flowers.

The results are seen in our Pedigree Quality Strains.



We will gladly send a copy of our 1942 Seed Catalogue to all interested in Horticulture—ON REQUEST.



SUTTON'S · READING

YOU will find in the ALLIS-CHALMERS range of Wheel and Track-Type Tractors just the power you require for your farm. Nearly 100 years' experience in the making of power machinery is behind this modern line of Tractors. That is why you get better design, easier operation, finer materials, the most advanced range of models with 13 to 108 Drawbar H.P. to choose from.

The ALLIS-CHALMERS Model "B" is all-purpose power for farms of every size, especially the adjustable axle model—both front and rear axles for row crop. It gives most economical performance, day in and day out, over long periods of time without faltering.

ALLIS-CHALMERS

MFG. CO.

ABBEDDRE HEREFORDSHIRE

Telegrams: "Gyrating, Abbeydore."

Telephone: Pontrilas 258 and 9 (2 lines)

Longle



Increase



the Yields



of all your



Fields



Every week the war makes heavier calls on our shipping. We must therefore produce still more food at home. This year you must make an all-out effort to produce record crops of every kind. More milk—especially for next winter. More food for the people. More feeding-stuffs for livestock. Nothing less than the maximum yield from every acre—the maximum effort from every farmer—will suffice to see us through.

YOU MUST KEEP UP THE NATION'S FOOD SUPPLY.

★ *Week by week this space will give advice to farmers—the official weekly guide to wartime farming. Watch for it regularly.*

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES

WANTED

every ounce from every acre of

WINTER WHEAT



A top dressing of Nitrogen—the most important of plant foods—will help to secure maximum yields of autumn sown wheat. Sulphate of Ammonia provides Nitrogen—and applied in February or early March at the rate of 1 cwt. per acre, will give an average increased yield of 2½-3 cwt. per acre. Don't wait till the last moment before deciding how much you need—

order your
SULPHATE of AMMONIA
now!

"An authentic human document of capital import"—TIMES LIT. SUP.

A Thousand Shall Fall

HANS HABE

The experiences as a French Volunteer of the author of *Three Over the Frontier*.

"Whatever other books this war will produce *A Thousand Shall Fall* must remain one of its classic achievements."

—PAUL TABORI (*John o'London's*)

"The most sensitive and suggestive, the most deeply felt, actual and remorseless picture of the collapse of an army that this war has produced . . . The work of a mature conscience and a choking heart."

—V. S. PRITCHETT (*New Statesman*)
Book Society Choice. 10/6 net

Passed as Censored

MACDONALD HASTINGS

The well-known broadcaster and journalist gives brilliant glimpses into the lives of men and women in an England-at-war—the fighting Services and the Merchant Navy, the Civil Defence and munition workers, and those on the Home Front—in a series of essays and articles, illustrated with many fine photographs.

8/6 net

Spurs on the Boot

THOMAS B. MORGAN

An entertaining behind-the-scenes story of modern Italy, by a journalist who has been in close touch with Mussolini from 1919, that throws much light on the motives behind *Il Duce's* foreign and domestic policy, and on the internal economic situation.

9/- net

Shelter

JANE NICHOLSON

The story of three people in the 'blitz' on London's West End, in September, 1940, where the actual incidents of the raids form part of the action. An unusual, thoroughly modern novel.

7/6 net

HARRAP BOOKS

NEW BOOKS

A NEW IMMORTAL AMONG THE NOVELISTS

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. MARCUS GOODRICH, who, so far as I know, has not written a novel before, is the author of *Delilah* (Dent, 9s. 6d.); and these names, Goodrich and *Delilah*, should be

taken note of, for they are going to survive like the names Conrad and *Lord Jim*, Dickens and *David Copperfield*, Mark Twain and *Huckleberry Finn*. These are all different sorts of books, and I am not suggesting that their influences are to be found in *Delilah*, though, if you are interested in "influences," you will find a good many there. What I am suggesting is that all these books

and their authors are associated with immortality in fiction, and that Mr. Goodrich and his book belong to this inextinguishable company. *Delilah* has the authentic and unmistakable beat of immortal wings.

Delilah is the name of an old-fashioned, over-driven destroyer belonging to the American navy. The time of the book is the few months immediately preceding America's intervention in the last war. The place is the Philippine and other islands of the North Pacific Ocean. The characters are Lt.-Commander Borden, in command of the ship, Lieutenant Fitzpatrick, Ensigns Snell and Woodbridge, and the seventy or so men of the crew. The theme—if I read the author's mind aright—is that, beneath the placid appearance of life, there are dark unexercised forces, and particularly there is brutal violence, that may at any moment surge from the mud in an effort to snatch the upper hand, and that we are fools if we pretend that these things do not exist—fools likely to suffer for their folly if provision has not been made to keep the brute in chains.

SEVENTY PAGES

This philosophic theme of the book, implicit all through, comes baldly to the surface in the last seventy pages: seventy pages whose like I do not know anywhere in fiction for sustained bloody violence, for the unleashing of the primitive in one individual man. If Mr. Goodrich had written nothing but these seventy pages, he would have written something destined to live among the high spots of fictional writing. The violence is so shot through and through with pity for this creature blind with blood-lust, and with understanding of the fury which has entered into him and taken the place of reason, that when all is over we feel shattered and without judgment, wondering whether the battered, spread-eagled, at-last-overcome brute is not in some way victim as well as aggressor.

Mr. Goodrich has himself served in a United States destroyer. He knows the ground he walks, and before we are through we know it also. We know

Delilah from the sharp thin knife of her high bow to the screws thrashing astern; we know every door and scuttle, wardroom, quarter-deck, fore-castle and stokehole, with a complete and personal knowledge. We know,

too, with an equal intimacy, the inside and the outside of every man whom the narrative calls to any sort of prominence.

A word must be said about this inside and outside method of Mr. Goodrich. It is unusual. A novelist, as a rule, explores his characters, as Henry James did, or exhibits them, as Dickens did. There is necessarily an area of over-lapping, for every man worth

the name of novelist is interested in both mind and manners; but, in the actual presentation of the work, one predominates over the other.

MIND AND MANNERS

This is not so in the work of Mr. Goodrich. A new hand named Rowe joins the ship, and we are given ten or a dozen pages of the mere impact upon Rowe's mind of the fact and act of going aboard. In such a moment, Mr. Goodrich might almost be parodying Henry James:

"Probably because his reluctance contained much that belonged in the Luciferic category of those impulses that men somehow force themselves to negate, that is, men who ever have been touched even indirectly by society, he permitted to it no further concession than that, a concession that could be seen as presenting the acceptable appearance of civility or modesty; yet his reluctance to climb up the ladder was a more poignant, a more exigent urge than that which made him eat when he was hungry, than that which made him drink when he was thirsty, than that which made him avoid a threatened injury to his body, or than that which finally made him climb the ladder."

This analysis of Rowe's mind—of reactions of mind which I am persuaded the man himself could never have apprehended or even experienced—is pursued to a pitch which makes us feel that Rowe is destined for a major part in events, but once he is aboard he sinks into the anonymous life of the fore-castle.

This is the most curious of the author's tricks, and I am not sure that the book would not gain by the cutting out of a great deal of it; but it is dangerous to suggest interference with whatever is integral to a creative writer's mind. The reader certainly receives shock after shock from the impact of vivid disturbing action coming hot on the heels of introspection like a thunderclap bursting upon reverie. It is easy enough to see that Mr. Goodrich might reply that action does not spring self-born; it surges up from these depths that we must explore and chart. And that certainly would

THESE
UPPERS
ARE MADE FROM

Veebex

BRITISH
LEATHER

W^m PAUL L^{td} LEEDS

RARE
STRENGTH

Judged by the lasting service of smartness plus style for which VEEBEX Upper Leather is famous, the wisdom of choosing it is obvious. For all its strength and toughness it is surprisingly flexible and its handsome grained finish remains throughout a long life of study resistance to weather and wear. See the name VEEBEX on the tie-on label—it's worth looking for.



DONNA CONA
—DE SHAW—
INSULATING BUILDING AND WALL BOARDS

ALL FOUR ON ALL FOURS

WITH PRE-WAR STANDARDS

The Canadian factories which produce these famous Insulating, Building and Wall Boards are able to maintain pre-war quality because the raw materials are grown near by.

Support the Dominions as they support you.

Your Local Distributor will tell you how to obtain your requirements—or apply direct to:

The MERCHANT TRADING COMPANY Limited
Columbia House,
69, Aldwych, London, W.C.2
Telephone: HOLborn 3201 (5 lines) Telegram: "Thomtrac", Strand, London

be the answer if Rowe contributed to the book at all. As it is, the analysis of his reactions is a piece of sheer unattached virtuosity, unless he is to blossom in the second volume which we are promised.

Mr. Goodrich is not afraid of a digression. There is a forty-page digression to tell a story about a monk and an island trader: a story so deeply dyed with the colours of the sea and the jungle, so penetrated with their scent, that one would not be surprised to find it included in a collection of Conrad's best; and there is a digression on the importance of mediaeval towers in the defence of liberty. Mr. Goodrich is the modern ship of war as the temporary equivalent of the defended tower—the strong place in which victory or death alone is permissible.

This passage is a noble answer to pacifism. "Since the far beginning, too, there has been these towers, consecrated to victory or death, that have been man's antidote for his own inevitable passion to ravage and destroy the very things he has so hardily wrested from chaos."

UNTAMED MANKIND

We must take note of that word "inevitable." Mr. Goodrich seems to me to have no fancy notion that mankind can once and for all be tamed and pacified. All through the book is the sense of unease, of good and evil at a precarious poise, of the need for everlasting vigilance, eternal discipline, if the vestiges of civilisation are to be saved. And this is no mere reaction to this peculiarly pointed and warning moment in which we live, for the writing of the book has been going on throughout the last ten years. It is in keeping with the violence that marks the work of Ernest Hemingway, of whom the foolish say: "How Hemingway loves violence!" when the fact is that he does nothing more than keep us aware of an inescapable ingredient of human living.

And so through all the vivid, moving happenings in this very great novel there is a relentless progression to the last terrible outburst of the raging beast in the seaman O'Connell. You would think, in the quiet moment following that epic unleashing, that the point could be carried no further in significance; but with mastery the author lifts the whole matter from the personal to the universal plane; for at that moment the captain announces the American entry into the war. "All right, you guys," snarled Cruck. "Get them boats up!" *Delilah* is under way again; the battle is unending.

Miss Carola Oman's book, *Britain Against Napoleon* (Faber, 12s. 6d.), makes interesting reading in these times when so many of the things noted by the author's lively curiosity are happening all over again.

She writes not merely about the army and navy against Napoleon but about Britain in general, even about those people who were not at all against Napoleon save by the inescapable implications of the times. She gives us the army and navy, it is true, and the Home Guard of the day appears, straining its eyes across the channel to the ominous preparations at Boulogne.

What is of even more interest, because these other matters, when all is said and done, are well enough known, is the assembling of facts concerning the day to day lives of people to whom the war meant no more than a cloud they hoped would not burst.

We know from Jane Austen's

novels how little the upheaval upon the Continent could mean to the comfortably removed, and Miss Oman fortifies the impression with innumerable illustrations.

Thus, the book's effect upon the mind is as much to stress the difference between then and now as to recall to us the similarities, for none is now out of reach of the war's ultimate implications.

Two things interested me greatly. One was Napoleon's attitude to the Press. He suppressed sixty out of seventy-five newspapers, and said: "Give the Editors to understand that I shall end by retaining one newspaper only."

The other was that a rudimentary submarine was being experimented with in those days. Napoleon scolded the dilatoriness of the Minister who examined the plans. He at once saw all that was involved in an experiment which might, as he said, "change the whole face of the world."

I should like to call attention to a book which has been before the public for some time, but which now appears in a new edition: Major C. S. Jarvis's *Yesterday and To-day in Sinai* (Blackwood, 7s. 6d.).

Major Jarvis was Governor of Sinai for many years, and he writes therefore with authority. Whether he is telling of the Arabs' preternatural skill at reading from marks in the sand the story of what has happened upon it, or recalling crimes he has had to unravel, or relating the humours of a desert agricultural show, or dealing with game, architecture, or the routine of his work, he is always lively and picturesque and makes very present to our minds this country which for so long it was his task to administer.

But what, I think, will interest most readers more than anything else is the chapter called "The Forty Years' Wanderings." Here he advances a theory concerning the escape of the Children of Israel from Egypt that is at once contrary to the usually accepted tradition and almost completely convincing. What Major Jarvis's theory is it is not for me to reveal, but I can say that, out of his knowledge of the territory, he brings up in support of it a weight of evidence that is formidable and, at any rate to a lay mind, difficult to controvert. It is the high light of an altogether readable book.

A PUBLISHER'S POEMS

UNDER an exact, felicitous title, *The Buried Stream* (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.), Mr. Geoffrey Faber has collected his poems of over thirty years. A strenuous life as a publisher has sent the stream of poetry in him more or less underground, but it has never dried up. The poems begin in 1908, when the author was still at Rugby; they commemorate happy Oxford years, anguished years of war, numbness after peace. Then love, marriage, and "a mind made whole by happiness."

In May, 1940, the stream, replenished by new suffering, is again above ground:

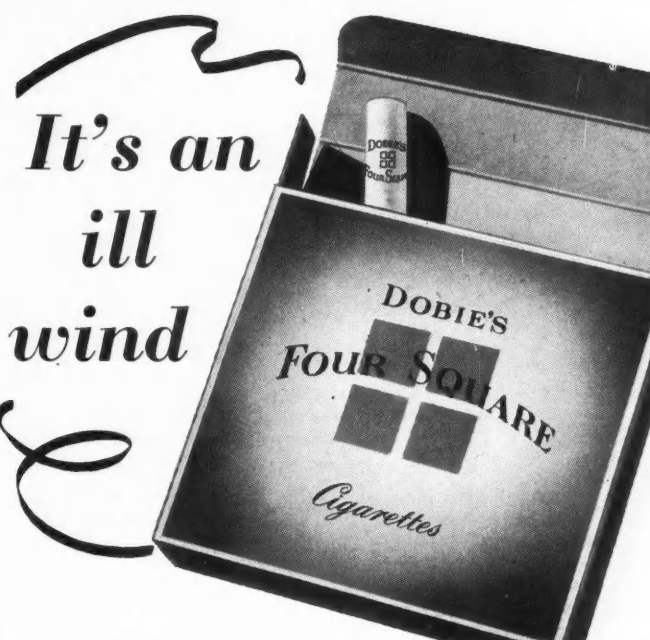
Oh agony, worse than ever my heart has known,
Manifold shame: that we can have so betrayed
Dead brothers, living sons, our own hard vows . . .

followed by the exaltation of:

Only one prayer
Can be prayed or heard now.
Truth's invisible beam—
Let it live, let it live on the uninhabited air.

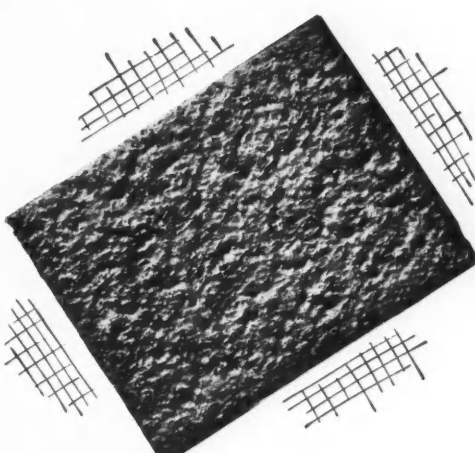
The modest, friendly, tolerant note of the author's preface is in these poems, as well as the throb of pain and the lift of wings.

V. H. F.



Now that cigarettes are more difficult to get, perhaps we shall learn to appreciate them more. It is so easy to allow cigarette smoking to become a habit. Four Square smokers have never, in the main, been chain smokers—they have smoked for pleasure and not from habit. We hope that others who join the ranks of Four Square smokers will do the same.

FOUR SQUARE
for those who really ENJOY a cigarette



Good Health

Macvita owes its nutritive value to fine English wheat; its rich, crisp, appetising appeal to the perfection of manufacture. Try Macvita alone, or with butter, cheese, preserves or pastes.

MACVITA ★ MADE ONLY BY: **McVITIE & PRICE**

The Public can be supplied only through retail shops and stores.

Quality is the answer to *Coupons*

You will not be asked for more coupons for Footwear of Quality. Buying boots and shoes that last longer is the way to meet coupon restrictions.



Zug Upper Leather is an investment—an investment in comfort and in service. Comfort is assured because Zug, although it is the toughest of leathers, remains pliable and supple. Moreover, it effectively resists damp and keeps you dry-shod. Service is assured because Zug is a leather that lasts. It does not crack, does not harden, keeps its shape and its character. Insist upon Zug; it is a war-time economy.

ZUG

UPPER LEATHER

We manufacture Zug, but do not make footwear. In the event of difficulty, write to us for name of nearest shoe store using Zug.

W. & J. MARTIN, TANNERS, GLASGOW

A Question of Values



PRE-WAR
GOLDEN
GUINEA

The Finest Value in
French Sparkling Wines

TO-DAY

WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES the
finest investment value.
Shipments of Golden
Guinea from France have
now stopped, so invest
what you save and

HELP THE WAR EFFORT

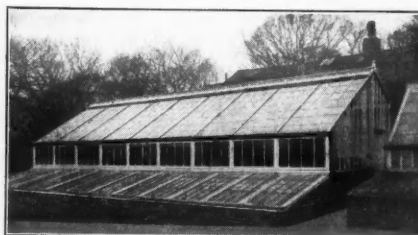
COLT HOUSES



Although a special licence is required to erect a cottage like the illustration, we still have a limited number of small super-structures in stock, such as garages, playrooms and emergency buildings which come within the limits defined by the Defence Regulations. We are able to quote for farm buildings, silos, and other work necessary to aid the war effort. May we send you further particulars?

W. H. COLT SON & CO. LTD TELEPHONE 216
BETHERSDEN, Nr. ASHFORD, KENT

MESSENGER & COMPANY, LIMITED.



Owing to war time conditions, we are not able to supply glasshouses but we look ahead to

VICTORY

and to resuming the business for which we have been famed for nearly a century.

Addresses:

Works: Loughborough.
Tel. 2691.

London Office: 122, Victoria Street, S.W.1.
Tel. Vic. 5409.

Please Help
The
Royal Cancer Hospital
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3 (FREE)

The first special hospital in London for Cancer treatment and research. No letters. No payments

FUNDS ARE NEEDED

for General Maintenance, for the Research Institute
and for the Radiological Department.

LEGACIES, SUBSCRIPTIONS OR DONATIONS ARE EARNESTLY
SOLICITED.

Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.2

HEADS AND TAILS

By A. CROXTON SMITH

BOTH ends of dogs are of importance when it comes to judging them in the show ring or deciding upon a standard that describes the ideal after which breeders are aiming. The Gulliverian controversy between the Big-endians and Little-endians pales into insignificance when compared with some of the disputes that have raged about the heads and tails of dogs. The effect has been that a certain style of head, and tails of a particular length and carriage have become associated with every breed, and, to the educated eye at least, any departure from the norm is viewed with disfavour, if not absolute dislike. The general public, too, is so well informed nowadays that any peculiarity is apt to elicit comment.

That most of the terriers should be docked, and that Old English sheepdogs and Schipperkes should be deprived of their sternal fringes is accepted as being correct, though, as far as one knows, no utilitarian object is served by these mutilations. One takes it for granted that nature endowed dogs with tails for some purpose other than to show their pleasure by wagging. Possibly they act to some extent as a kind of rudder that assists them in turning, and one imagines that the powerful appendage of a Newfoundland is of service when it is swimming.

I have no idea when shortening the tail in some breeds became customary or why it was done, though I have read about the law once exempting dogs from taxation that had been docked. There may have been such a provision when the severity of the Forest Laws was being relaxed. Anyhow, one theory about the bobbing of Old English sheepdogs is that it was done to show that as workers they were free from the licence impost. In rebuttal of this supposition we are told that the practice goes back to old Roman days, and that it was done in conformity with the belief that it would prevent rabies.

Whatever may have been the reason, it is nothing but fashion now that perpetuates the custom, and in the case of these dogs there does not seem to be any reason for it, as they

look well with their natural tails.

Fox terriers and several others, on the contrary, are ruined in appearance if they are allowed to grow long tails. In spite of this, Queen Victoria, who had a large kennel at Windsor, would not permit any terriers bred there to be touched, and King Edward VII, in writing a letter to the Kennel Club to support the movement for the abolition of cropping ears, expressed himself as being opposed to mutilation in any form. In respect to docking, fashion is arbitrary, the length removed varying in different breeds. Too short a dock on Fox terrier or Airedale, for example, would look as ugly as a full tail.

Occasionally, a natural tail may be too long or too short for the approval of experts. A short one cannot be remedied by any amount of faking; a long one has now and then been shortened.

Members of the great Spitz family flaunt their tails tightly curled over the back, as do a few other breeds, such as pugs and Pekingese. The dog that fails to conform to this convention of his kind is sadly handicapped in the show ring. With many the tail affords an opportunity of adding to the decorative effect by displaying a feathering of long hair on the underpart. In setters it is known as the flag. What is known as a ring stern—one that curls at the end—is a serious disability except in Afghan hounds, which continue their eccentricity of appearance to the extent of having a ring at the uttermost extremity.

At one time bulldogs had whip tails of the bull terrier kind, which narrowed progressively from the root. This has been supplanted in modern days by a ridiculous little scut that is carried downwards, is short and often has a kink. The Lhasa Apso is another in which the kink is sometimes apparent.



THE AFGHAN'S ECCENTRICITY OF APPEARANCE CONTINUES TO THE EXTENT OF A RING STERN

The sight of a cocker spaniel running in front of me recently brought to mind criticisms that were common before shows came to an end as a result of hostilities. Those of us who were in the habit of judging a good deal had occasion to deplore a failing that had become too general. From time immemorial a gay action of the stern was characteristic of the variety. Most writers commented upon it. One of three centuries ago spoke of their "wanton" tails, and another in 1803 wrote that "the tail is in a perpetual motion (called feathering), by the increased vibration of which an experienced sportsman knows when he gets nearer the object of attraction."

That and a cheerful disposition, a zest in their work, have earned them the sobriquet of "merry." This word has become so much a cliché that one would hesitate to introduce it except for the purpose of pointing a moral. The official standard requires that when the dog is at work the action of the tail should be incessant. These dogs are not at work in the show ring or when running in the streets, but for all that we like to see a movement of the tail.

SOLUTION to No. 628

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of February 6, will be announced next week.



Winner of Crossword No. 627,
Mrs. Hilda Dale,
252, Stockingstone Road,
Luton, Bedfordshire.

No. 629 ACROSS

1. It's not to suggest that when awake she is only an Ugly Sister! (two words, 8, 6)
2. Top, if not upper, ten (6)
3. Just the longer way of being late (two words, 3, 4)
4. Am about to be split? (4)
5. Not the way the animals went into the Ark! (four words, 3, 2, 1, 4)
6. Farm with an artist overseer? (5)
7. Peg's mild when caught sight of (8)

CROSSWORD No. 629

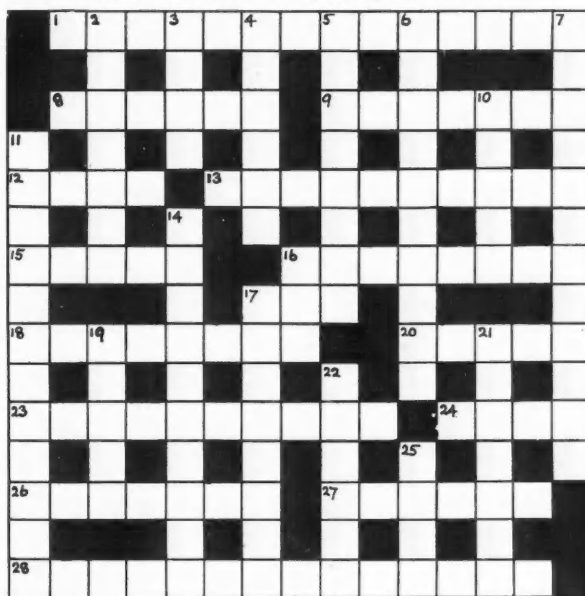
17. One of seven (3)
18. Not really a tall carol-singer, but rather the thing to cool one's heels (two words, 4, 4)
20. Uncle Tom perhaps (5)
23. A yeasty sea? (two words, 6, 4)
24. Object of a disastrous nursery journey uphill (4)
26. Order of the Mites (7)
27. A.B. (6)
28. Heavenly trio of lamplighters (four words, 3, 4, 3, 4)

DOWN

2. Great snakes! they've got father and sons too! (7)
3. They look their affirmative, of course (4)
4. One hopes 11 are (two words, 2, 4)
5. Partial but kindly appearance of Aladdin's spirit with an ally (8)
6. Capture (10)
7. Battle-song of the republic (two words, 6, 6)
10. It's after a meritorious order (5)
11. Should one expect drinking songs when they are turned? (two words, 6, 6)
14. Algernon Blackwood wrote of him (two words, 3, 7)
16. Strait (3)
17. Pluto catches his train! (8)
19. Her name is a bird's home (5)
21. Palindromic girl gets behind her grandmother in the city (7)
22. A great inventor with no side (6)
25. They are only sham when tail to head (4)

A prize, to the value of two guineas, of books published by COUNTRY LIFE will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 629, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on Thursday, February 19, 1942.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 629



Name.....

Address.....



For
Town

A mackintosh in black corduroy with hood lined with white. This coat is absolutely waterproof, smart enough to go out to lunch in town, yet practical as possible. Harrods.

Protective Clothing



For gardening, cycling or any hard country work, a practical suit in waterproof cotton gabardine. The skirt buttons on over a tweed, the jacket has a hood in a zipped pocket at the back of the neck, is lined, and will stand up to any weather. Harvey Nichols.

Waterproof checked like a tweed in brown and green. The coat is lined to the waist with waterproof alpaca, from the waist downwards in waterproof gabardine. Harrods.

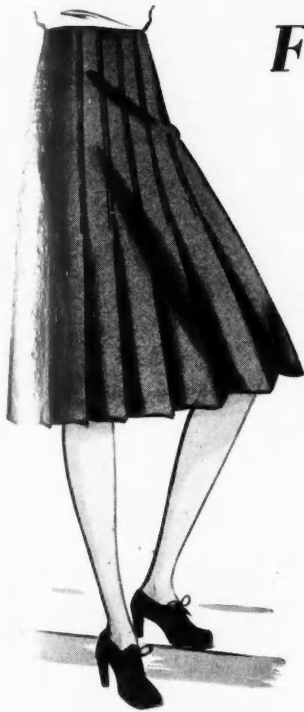
For
Country



THESE are war fashions. Clothes that will see you through a blitz, or a hurried journey, clothes that retain that basic plainness which is essential, yet reflect the drama of the times in which we live. Style is changing, slowly and surely, from the soles of our feet to the crowns of our heads. Both extremities have become lowly. Gone are the excrescences of curls on top, gone all the high heels. In between, every smart Britisher has her protective clothing, ready for any emergency. These are made in the toughest of materials—stormproof gabardine lined for exposure to the elements, plain or coloured like a tweed; strong waterproofed corduroy with its Ku Klux Klan hood; oilskins like a merchant seaman's; Newmarket sheepskin coats; thick rough canvas waterproofs, in a material that looks like hessian, bound with pigskin. The Burberry comes with or without a hood and in various colours. Oil-silk hoods are lined with fleecy wool which turns back from the face. Oil-silk turbans tie right over the hair, are practical, gay in colour, flowered, starred or dotted. The children are zipped into airman suits of Grenfell cloth, absolutely stormproof, so strong it will not tear. There are boots in sheepskin, calfskin, knee-length boots like a cavalryman's in leather and cavalry twill, mackintosh boots with fur tops like the ones so admired by Mr. Snodgrass in *Pickwick Papers*, and good, strong Wellington boots.

GORRINGS

February Offer of Skirts



During the month of February we are able to offer perfectly tailored skirts which are exceptional for their excellent quality material and remarkable value.

"Glen-Har" Skirts

ALL WOOL Pleated Skirts with zip fastener and petersham in waistband. Black, Nigger, Blue, Green or Tan. Please quote second choice of colour. **42/-**
Hips 36 to 44. 6 coupons.

Frederick Gorrings, Ltd.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.

Phone: VICtoria 6686 (24 lines).

Designed
by
Barri



Slimming, graceful, and distinctive to a degree, is this Barri maternity model in beech-brown Angora, trimmed with Emerald-green embroidery. Godets appear in the front of the skirt only.

PRICE

16 gns.

including Purchase Tax and Preliminary Alterations

BARRI MODELS
obtainable only at
THE WHITE HOUSE LTD
LONDON SPECIALISTS
51, NEW BOND ST W.I.

MINISTRY OF HEALTH SAYS:
**COUGHS & SNEEZES
SPREAD DISEASES**

VAPEX

The Magic Drop

WILL STOP THAT COLD

USE VAPEX at the first sign of a cold and it will be cleared promptly and safely. Breathing VAPEX removes the stuffiness by penetrating to the source of the infection—the warm recesses of the nose and throat—where it destroys the breeding germs.

If you have let your cold develop, VAPEX will shorten the attack, ease the breathing and clear the bronchial passages.

**A drop on
your handkerchief**

Simply sprinkle a 'magic drop' of VAPEX on your handkerchief and breathe deeply from it frequently during the day. At night put a drop on the end of your pillow. All symptoms of your cold will soon be gone.

From your Chemist
2/3 and 3/4

217A THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD



Hostess Gowns

This useful gown in Crêpe La Riche, trimmed with tinsel embroidery, is available in Blue, Orchid, Teal, and Grey. Hips 34, 36 and 38.

9½ gns.
(7 Coupons)

Dressing Gown Dept. 3rd Floor

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge



Spring Suits

A suit, made-to-measure in our own workrooms, is always a good investment. The one illustrated, made of fine herringbone Saxony, costs

16 gns.

Coat & Skirt Dept.

1st Floor

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., London, S.W.1

SLOane 3440



FASHION being the most resilient thing in the world the embargo on crepe rubber soles and on heel casings has had the immediate effect of stimulating invention. A plastic leather has been evolved that can be moulded on to a leather heel without disturbing the line, is extremely hard wearing, and looks like leather. This plastic leather is being used for the Brevitt shoes, which are being styled by a great shoe expert, Mr. Bernard Oswald, who was responsible for organising the exhibitions

held before the war of exclusive firms in the shoe industry, and is now on the active production side of the industry. Punching is not to be allowed. Mr. Oswald has replaced it by saddle-stitching which he is using on walking shoes, both court shapes and laced.

All shoes are sturdy and many country designs have square toes again, many square heels. Quite a number of firms still hold big stocks of crepe rubber soles and these shoes will be on sale in the shops this spring and summer, but they will not be available after these stocks are exhausted. Leather soles will replace them wherever possible, but as leather is strictly rationed we are likely to see many new materials and much experimenting. Wedge soles cased in plastic leather are admirable. They are light, businesslike and hard wearing. Ingenuity and expert craftsmanship can and will replace many gaps in our wardrobes and will certainly add zest to shopping.

There is a new shade of brown, a light brown the shade of a hazel nut, and it is used for the best of the country shoes and also in a multitude of town walking shoes, both lace and court. It appears also as straps and tabs on black and navy walking shoes that are reminiscent of Norwegian house slippers with their low square heels and low flat cut in the front. Supple willow calf, reversed calf, a new grained leather called "Dimple Seal," and pigskin lead materials for the strong walking shoe.

Detachable coloured tongues are a useful invention. These tongues slip through a slot on the top of the vamp and can be matched by accessories. They are in bright colours such as cherry, jade, sulphur yellow, and mostly in python; are worn with the plainest of court shoes in kid, suede and calf, with low or medium heels. There is no fastening; a slot and the shape of the tongue does the trick and keeps it firmly in position. Lighter court shoes for afternoon or evening in supple black kid have piping of different coloured python or are inset with narrow strips of this python.

WALKING shoes with low heels and a Cromwellian tongue and side buckle vie in popularity with the laced shoe with low leather heel. They are town and country shoes—the buckle makes them formal, their sturdiness makes them country. All the famous shoe manufacturers are making splendid models for the women's services, devoting all their skill to making shoes that will stand up to the hardest wear, while at the same time keeping the last as light and the leather as supple as for the shoes of peace.

House shoes in soft brown leather, cut like a Norwegian slipper, and called "Idler," are smart; so are scarlet or plum pumps, entirely hand-made. Colour is still strong in everything to do with the feet. There are coloured stockings, both in wool and in ribbed mercerised lisle and rayon. The rayons are slightly shiny with a fancy stitch in the rib, particularly nice in tones of dark red and plum. Ankle socks are smartest in neat ribs with elastic woven into the top and are matched up by gloves in an identical stitch with a rolled top. The best colours for these woollen accessories are crimson, scarlet, sky blue, dark green, deep blue and sulphur yellow.

The snow brought out gaiters and they looked so smart that they will continue. They are made of felt, calfskin or knitted. The felt ones can be piped or laced with a colour, and match up with scarves, or the jaunty feathers stuck through knitted caps. In America they are making soft booties in thick matt furnishing satin or in velvet. These just cover the ankle bone, are best in black, dark blue, plum or crimson, are piped with a very bright colour and zipped down the side.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

Top to Bottom

- 1.—Tan willow calf with a Cromwellian front and buckle and a medium leather heel. Church.
- 2.—Black suede with tan band inlet at the side and a tan crepe sole. Note the square toe. A Brevitt shoe from Russell and Bromley.
- 3.—Grained calf, stitched round the front, a round toe, and a strong leather heel and sole. Clarks of Street. Argyle plaid woollen stockings from Marshall and Snelgrove.
- 4.—At the bottom is the shoe Hutchings make for the A.T.C. in willow calf, strong yet supple. From Marshall and Snelgrove.

t,
le
d
un
t.
le
es
oy
ur
urt
no
ps
ng
are

nd
her
em
hoe
es,
est
her

per,
rely
ect.
lisle
the
are
ched
ours
reen,

they
ones
s, or
y are
hese
plum
pped

a

pe
se'l

/ 7
gy l

T...
ar l